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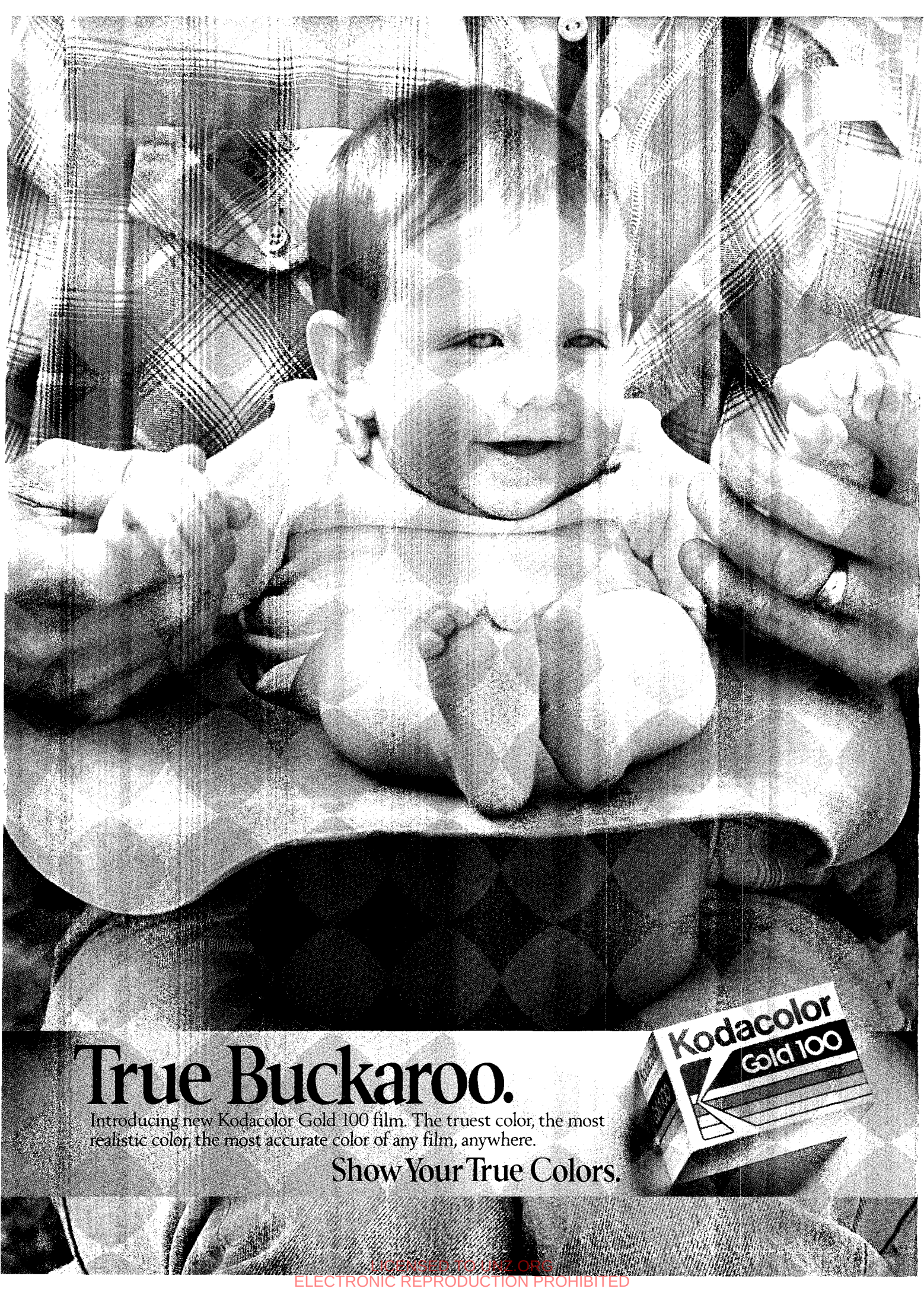

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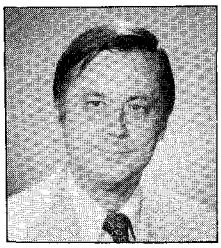
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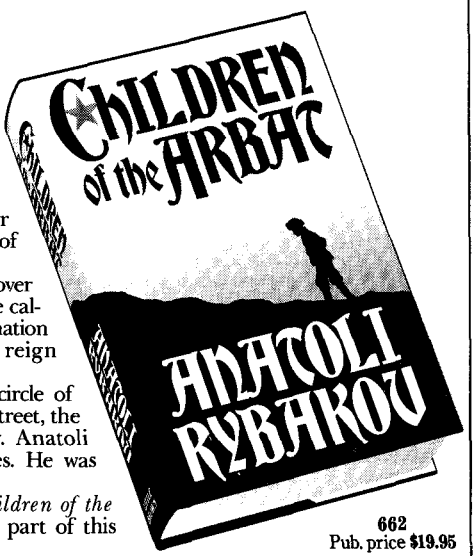

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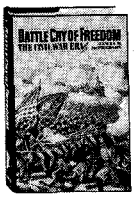

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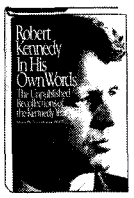

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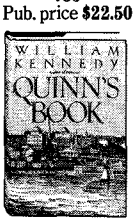

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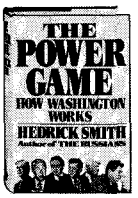

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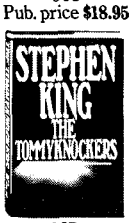

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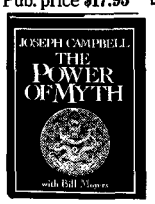

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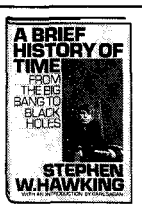

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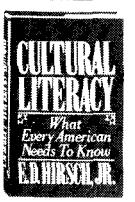

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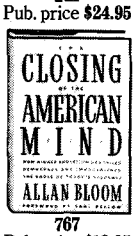

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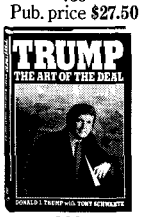

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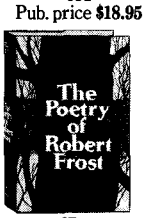

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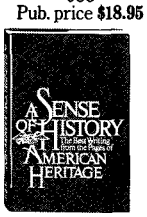

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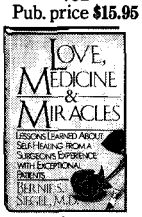

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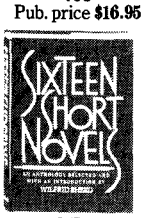

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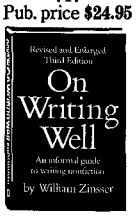

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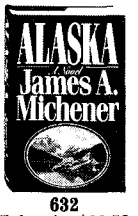

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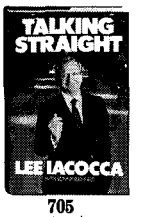

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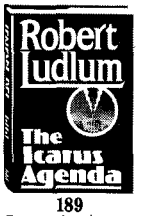

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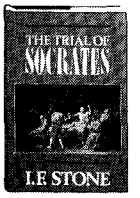

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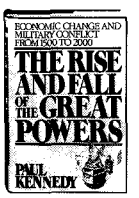

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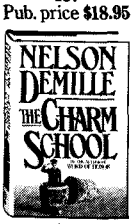

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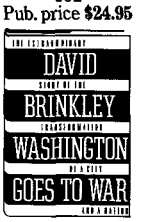

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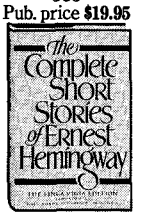

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LETTERS

The Horror

After the overthrow of Somoza in 1979, the U.S. contributed hundreds of millions of dollars in an effort to keep the Sandinistas from going to "the other side." As it turned out, the more we gave, the more quickly they moved toward Moscow. The degree of that shift has steadily increased. Instead of showing signs of democracy, the Nicaraguan government has been structured according to the Soviet model—no free speech, no free press, a centralized economy, and, of course, harsh punishment for dissension. A fortified Communist regime in Central America, joining forces with Cuba, is creating "a Berlin wall around us," in the words of the late Admiral John McCain.

As Dee Rivers Stimpson points out in her thorough and eloquent article, "Portrait of a Revolution" [June 24], the Nicaraguan "living conditions are subspartan . . . By the end of 1987, almost 28,000 refugees . . . had streamed across the border." While the 16,000-man resistance seems to be holding firm, the horror in Nicaragua continues, causing pitiful scenarios like that of the Contra widow and the old man in Mrs. Stimpson's article.

Mrs. Stimpson paints an accurate picture: a wretched war, caused by a wretched government, creating a wretched life and not even allowing an "etiquette for this death."

Christa Shirley
Philadelphia, Pa.

Muddling Laws

Charles Murray ["Crime in America," June 10] says East Harlem's high crime rate is due to the fact that the people who live there "do not have a satisfying framework for coping with threats." He then cites the increasing complexity of law and declining enforcement of community standards of civility as aspects of the problem.

As one who taught in East Harlem for several years, let me add that a more important cause of incivility is the near-total collapse of constraints placed on the individual. If the family, schools, and churches do not rein in the individual and hold him accountable for his behavior, there is little the law can do to prevent the savage from acting ignobly. Nonetheless, Murray is right to argue that when the law becomes sufficiently complex, it ceases to exist. Now as to why this should be so, I know of an organization called the ACLU that might be of assistance in providing answers.

William A. Donohue
Washington, D.C.

The Irony of McNamara

John Roche vividly reminds us of the frayed mental state that permeated the White House in early 1968 amidst Lyndon Johnson's last bout with the Vietnam War ["February 29, 1968: A Day that Should Live in Irony," June 10]. Johnson's compassion for McNamara, leading to his changeover from Defense to the World Bank, may have stemmed in part from a belief harbored by both men that the war was unwinnable. And only Johnson could understand the weight of responsibility then burdening McNamara for his role in the war's escalation. But to me, the overriding irony associated with McNamara's demoralization as Secretary of Defense is that it was he who perhaps saved us all from oblivion in 1962 by first recognizing the feasibility and advantages of a quarantine of Cuba during the missile crisis. Suggestions that Khrushchev might have been bluffing notwithstanding, McNamara played a key role in preserving the peace in 1962, in turn allowing us to become increasingly involved in Vietnam thereafter.

William E. Cooper
Iowa City, Iowa

Life for the Unborn

Warm greetings! I was happy to see the piece about Operation Rescue in "The Week" [June 10]. In order for Operation Rescue to be a sustained success, all coverage received is important, but especially when it comes from such a respected periodical as NATIONAL REVIEW.

That Mark Bavaro was arrested with us, and that he sees the issue so clearly, is indeed significant. But no less important is the fact that each day some 35 to forty clergymen were also arrested, arguably the most notable being Auxiliary Bishop Vaughan. Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox ministers, along with several rabbis, have now begun to raise their long-silent voices.

I write to ask anyone interested to join us in Philadelphia during the week

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of July 4. For information, call Operation Rescue at 607-723-4012.

Reverend John H. Ball III
Grace Reformed Presbyterian Church
Brick, N.J.

Did You Know?

In your April 29 issue Brian Crozier asks, "And while on this subject, how many *NR* readers know what the Katzenbach Amendment was and what a severe and lasting blow it has proved to America's real defense?" OK, I'll bite. What was the Katzenbach Amendment, and what severe and lasting blow has it proved to America's real defense?

John S. P. Robson
Austin, Tex.

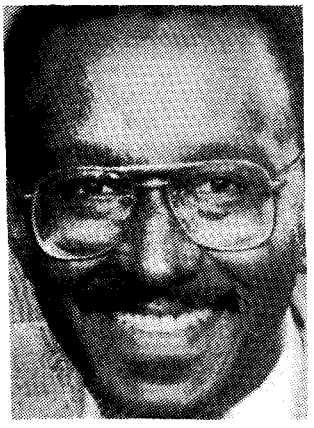
The reference by Brian Crozier to "the Katzenbach Amendment" [April 29, May 27] was in the context of his discussion of our country's willingness to defend itself politically—from subversion, infiltration, or propaganda. According to Mr. Crozier, "the Katzenbach Amendment" was the shorthand expression used in government circles in the late Sixties and early Seventies to describe the work of then-Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach. Mr. Katzenbach was chosen by President Johnson to serve as chairman of a committee "to review relationships between the Central Intelligence Agency and private voluntary organizations." These private organizations, which the Agency had been assisting, sprang up after World War II to counter various sorts of Communist activity. The committee—which also included John Gardner, then Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Richard Helms, then Director of Central Intelligence—produced in March 1967 a report that concluded: "It should be the policy of the United States Government that no federal agency shall provide any covert financial assistance or support, direct or indirect, to any of the nation's educational or private voluntary organizations. The Government should promptly develop and establish a public-private mechanism to provide public funds openly for overseas activities of organizations which are adjudged deserving, in the national interest, of public support." The committee reasoned that "the work of private American organizations, in a host of fields, has been of great benefit to scores of countries. That benefit must not be impaired by foreign doubts about the independence of these organizations."

Mr. Crozier wished to emphasize that this report was "a severe and lasting blow" in that it prohibited the U.S. Government from propagandizing the American people, while not inhibiting such activity by foreign governments. —ED.

Through the Needle's Eye

We regret having published [June 10], without soliciting a comment from the author, a letter taking D. Keith Mano to task for his "mis-quote" of the passage: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

The letter-writer, Mr. Paul Kelly, was pressing the interpretation of the passage that has "the eye of the needle" refer to a small arched passageway through the Jerusalem city wall. Mr. Mano (who was quoting from the King James) accepts the interpretation—accepted by, among others, C. S. Lewis and E. C. Brewer—that treats the passage as a startling metaphor, though no more so than many of Christ's, suggesting the special difficulties of a rich man entering into the kingdom. —ED.



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FOR THE RECORD

Speaker **Jim Wright**, to House Republican leadership, late March: The House (which is to say, the Democratic leadership) will promptly consider requests for further aid to the Contras if the Sandinistas violate the terms of the ceasefire agreement. Secretary of State **George Shultz**, early June, requests further military aid to the Contras on the grounds that the Sandinistas are not negotiating in good faith: "The resistance [Contras] delegation was harassed, intimidated, and subjected to continual abuse, treated virtually as prisoners . . . Their [the Sandinistas'] actions have shown the world that their promises of democratization have no counterpart in concrete action." An aide to Jim Wright, in response: "They [the Contras] are not going to get it." . . . A classic illustration of GOP lobbyist **Tom Korologos**'s aphorism: "Congress does just two things: it overreacts, and it does nothing." . . . Chortling on Hill over Wright's ethics troubles is bipartisan. *Vide* liberal columnist **Richard Cohen**'s gleeful swipe at 55 per cent royalty Wright received for his non-book, *Reflections of a Public Man*. Such a royalty is unheard of, says Cohen, "especially for a book whose movie possibilities are not readily apparent."

Premature: reports here and elsewhere that Democratic Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** of Ohio has clear re-election run. Latest Market Opinion Research poll shows Cleveland Mayor **George Voinovich** closing gap to 11 points (49 to 38). Comments MOR's **Alex Gage**: "George Voinovich is running strong in areas of Ohio where voters know the real George Voinovich and the real Howard Metzenbaum." . . . First poll in Mississippi since March (a Mississippi State University poll) shows Republican Rep. **Trent Lott** leading liberal Democrat **Wayne Dowdy** 50 to 40 for seat **John Stennis** is relinquishing. Lott gets surprising 14 per cent of black vote. . . . Incumbent Republican Sen. **Chic Hecht** trails Democratic Gov. **Richard Bryan** by seven points in Nevada Senate battle, up from earlier soundings. . . . It's good but not good enough in New Jersey, where Republican challenger Gen. **Pete Dawkins** has narrowed Democrat **Frank Lautenberg**'s lead by 12 points.

Mahood, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Everything went but these."

Advice time for **George Bush**. Says **David Keene** of American Conservative Union, an ex-**Dole** campaign staffer: Bush has got to excite the newcomers, i.e., the blue-collar Democrats who voted for **Reagan** in '80 and '84 and the evangelicals who follow **Pat Robertson**: "If he proceeds with a strategy that simply takes the party activists for granted, it's a mistake." . . . Republican political strategist **Roger Stone** agrees. With a strong economy, the issues that brought the blue-collar workers to vote Republican are "not in the forefront of the public agenda. [Public focus has shifted] to the quality-of-life issues such as education and the environment. Those are traditionally Democratic issues." . . . **Hal Bruno** of ABC feels Bush is suffering from "the Vice President's disease. He gets no credit for things that have gone right, and he's expected to defend everything that goes wrong." . . . All of which is reflected in polls that show Dukakis leading Bush everywhere, by ten to an astonishing 17 points in California. . . . University of California political scientist **Austin Ranney** is not surprised by this: "We [Californians] have known Bush to be uncharismatic for decades. Californians have only known Dukakis to be uncharismatic for a few months."

Let a hundred *glasnosts* bloom. **Mikhail Gorbachev** on **Sergi Grigoryants**, editor of the unofficial *Glasnost* magazine: "He is some kind of an alien phenomenon in our society, sponging on the democratic process, sponging on the positive aspects of *perestroika*." . . . Biologist and former Soviet political prisoner **Sergei Kovalev** has been turned down for job he was scheduled to get, presumably for attending Reagan's Spasso House meeting with Soviet dissidents. . . . Soviet POWs in Afghanistan reluctant to accept invitation to return home in honor. They point to **Nikolai Ryzhkov**, now serving 12 years after being promised amnesty by former Soviet Ambassador to U.S. **Anatoly Dobrynin**.

Conservative Tidbits: in Washington, D.C., *Washington Times* is testing afternoon edition, starting with small edition to chart receptivity of readers, advertisers. . . . Plans are well under way to make the Conservative Victory Committee's Victory Gala (New Orleans, August 16) as successful as fabled Bunker Hunt Texas Gala in '84. **L. Brent Bozell III** again in charge.

When George Shultz twitted chief presidential speechwriter **Tony Dolan** about having been seen in Red Square, "worshipping at **Lenin**'s Tomb," Dolan responded: "I was in Red Square selling subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW."

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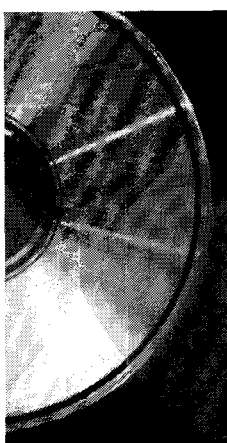

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THE WEEK

☐ We interrupt the demands for Ed Meese's resignation to request a moment of silence in memory of the late Attorney General Robert Kennedy—who wiretapped Martin Luther King, concealed what he knew of the death of Marilyn Monroe, made a paper airplane out of the Constitution in pursuit of political enemies, and generally dedicated the Justice Department to the greater good of his brother and his party.

☐ Repeat, the mistake is to refashion our defense policy and our foreign policy on the presumption of an organic change in the nature of the Soviet enterprise. There is no doubt that much is going on, but the Soviet Union still has a long way to go before it joins the community of reasonably free nations. Here is a checklist (partial, to be sure) of reforms you don't hear Gorbachev mentioning: 1) Non-governmental newspapers to compete with *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. 2) Abolition of the writers' and artists' trade unions: i.e., no more licensed literature, paintings, and sculpture. 3) Non-Communist opposition parties made legal and permitted to function, participating first in local and municipal elections. 4) *Habeas corpus* made effective. 5) Freedom of religion. 6) Freedom of individual physical movement. 7) The cessation of extraordinary espionage. 8) The phasing out of imperial ventures in Cuba, Angola, and Nicaragua. . . . If these changes were actually implemented, the totalitarian Soviet regime would go far toward becoming a (still authoritarian) Great Russian regime. A distinction as important as that between Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll.

☐ If you want justice, go to Newark, New Jersey, where a jury has just struck a tremendous blow for good sense and against progress by finding that 1) smoking is bad, and 2) you're a damn fool if you pretend it isn't. More, they even maintain that it's your own fault if you don't quit—even if it *is* hard. The jury (including one smoker and two former smokers) did award $400,000 in damages to Anthony Cipollone in his suit against the manufacturer of his wife's old brands of cigarettes, on the sensible grounds that the company already knew smoking was unhealthy in the late Fifties when it ran advertisements saying L&Ms were "Just What the Doctor Ordered" or that one should "Play Safe—Smoke Chesterfields." But it rejected the claim—on which the lawyers for the plaintiffs, in hopes of massive punitive damages, threw away $2 million—that the tobacco companies engaged in a massive conspiracy to fool the public about the health costs of smoking. So, until the "safety Nazis," as P. J. O'Rourke has so aptly dubbed them, win one of these cases, smokers will be free to smoke and responsible for the results of their own foolish actions.

☐ To bring you up to date on the Tawana Brawley case: Miss Brawley, who last fall said she'd been kidnapped and gang-raped by a bunch of white racists, has refused, under the guidance of one Reverend Al Sharpton and a pair of hustling radical lawyers, to cooperate with New York authorities who wanted to capture the alleged malefactors. By now it's become commonly assumed that Miss Brawley is a troubled kid who ran away from home for a long weekend, made up a cock-and-bull story to get herself off the hook, and found herself caught up in a turbulent new episode in New York's tribal wars, in which it has become humanly impossible for her to confess to having pushed the first pebble in the avalanche. Even Governor Cuomo has gotten involved, and she's stuck with being a symbol. In last week's twist, her mother refused to testify before a grand jury, was ordered jailed for contempt of court, and took sanctuary in Sharpton's church, with Louis Farrakhan and the Black Muslims crowding onto the stage. Flash: A former Sharpton aide says the whole thing is a hoax. Life imitates Wolfe.

☐ In agreeing to brand South Africa a "terrorist state"—a designation which, if implemented into law, would make even private commerce with South Africa illegal—Michael Dukakis seems to think he's running

Thank You, Mr. President

You're back, and though I know you said,
"Ding-dong, the wicked witch is dead,"
Forgive us if we don't go ape
Like Munchkins hailing their escape.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

BRACE yourselves, Michael Dukakis and George Bush. You have entered the danger zone.

The danger zone is that ennui-filled period between the time when both candidates have locked up their nominations and those week-long summer parties quaintly referred to as "nominating conventions." It is made dangerous by swarms of political reporters twiddling their pencils and looking for something to write about.

The "research" departments of both campaigns are working overtime to fill the gap. Why, just the other day, Cato got a call from a mole associated with the Dukakis campaign offering some variation on the shopworn charge that the Vice President had found time for an assignation or two. So much for Mr. Dukakis's admonition to Mr. Bush to avoid "mudslinging." Readers may recall that this bit of blab surfaced in the press a few months ago, provoking heated denials from the Bush camp and, rather more amusingly, inspiring a cartoon in the *Washington Times*. The illustration depicted a Bush spokesman addressing the assembled press from behind a podium. Beneath was a caption that read something like, "The Vice President has not engaged in extramarital relations—but he could have if he'd wanted to."

His campaign's best efforts notwithstanding, it is Mr. Dukakis, not Mr. Bush, who is getting zapped in the danger zone. Maybe it's just because the press is almost reflexively contrarian. Nowadays, Dukakis is perceived to be the pulling-away front-runner. Moreover, Dukakis—who, like Bush, is a millionaire—has proven himself astonishingly capable of transforming ethnic pride into a bulging campaign kitty. All this makes Bush the underdog and Dukakis—finally—the object of the press's unrelenting scrutiny.

The press caught the Duke with marbles in his mouth recently over the perennially explosive and perennially peripheral matter of the location of the American Embassy in Israel. The issue is whether the embassy ought to be moved from Tel Aviv, which official U.S. policy says is the capital of Israel, to Jerusalem, which official Israeli policy says is the capital of Israel. American diplomats feel that such a move, given the symbolic importance of Jerusalem, would hamstring them in their efforts to broker peace in the region.

So the embassy has stayed put. However, recent generations of Democratic presidential candidates have taken "the pledge"—promising to move the embassy if elected. Gary Hart and Walter Mondale both did it in 1984, and Dukakis was just sucked into the same sinkhole during a press conference on his state's worsening economic condition.

The Duke started by denying the statement by his senior foreign-policy advisor, Madeleine Albright, that her candidate had supported relocation of the embassy for a decade. "I didn't say that," he said. Then the media sharks moved in.

Poor Dukakis stuttered and stammered. First he denied that he ever said he accepted Israel's claim to sovereignty over all of Jerusalem. Then he repeated his long-standing assertion that "if a nation declares that a particular community within its borders is its capital, traditionally we have accepted that, and I would move to do the same in this case."

That provoked grimaces and knowing glances among the assembled reporters. "So you would move the embassy?" asked one.

"If Israel says that's its capital, yeah, that's what I said," came the reply.

"But you said you didn't say you'd move it," chimed in another.

"No, I didn't say that," retorted a flustered Dukakis.

The exchange proceeded along these lines for a little while longer before the obviously impatient candidate gave in. "You asked me whether I had been for that for ten years—I don't recall I took a position on this ten years ago or that I was deeply involved," he said, artfully twisting the original inquiry to make it seem as if he hadn't spent the past few minutes avoiding the question at hand. "All I'm saying is that there is a regular rule of diplomatic courtesy."

The problem, of course, is that a President Dukakis would now be hard-pressed to manage yet another about-face on the issue. The U.S. Congress is also doing its part to see that that's so. No sooner had the Duke said his piece than Secretary of State George Shultz branded the position "shocking." No sooner had Mr. Shultz spoken out than that once-great statesman, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, introduced legislation requiring the U.S. to move its embassy to Jerusalem.

Last year, identical legislation won fifty co-sponsors. It never came to a vote—Moynihan pulled the legislation after a plea from the State Department. This year, his aides are coy about the next move. "We're just trying to show solidarity with Dukakis," says one. And jump on a bandwagon, to boot.

—CATO

---

for the Presidency not of the United States, but of the UN General Assembly. He has given a big boost to the drive to deplete the word "terrorist" of any useful meaning: South Africa, for all its sins, does not engage in random violence against non-combatants. It doesn't, for example, execute civilians by jamming flaming tires around their torsos. But don't hold your breath waiting for Dukakis to call the ANC a "terrorist organization."

☐ A depressing aspect of the Noriega affair is George Bush's improvisation on the theme of leadership. Speaking in Los Angeles, Bush announced that, if elected President, he won't "bargain with drug dealers . . . whether they're on U.S. or foreign soil." No one doubted that he made the remark in order to distance himself from the Administration, but when questioned later, rather than making his meaning clear, Bush clammed up. Gauging the strength of his opposition was like taking the pulse of a dying man: "Bush and Reagan Seem to Disagree on Noriega Talks," reported a headline in the *New York Times*. Though seven months from now we'll have a fresh Administration, George Bush, if we're lucky, will still be around. If we're very lucky, he'll make a more forceful President than Vice President.

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☐ It's not going to be peace in our time in the Middle East. The Arab summit in Algiers guaranteed that. Secretary George Shultz's rational, compromising style of negotiating is out of its depth in that nationalist and religious atmosphere. Agreeing unanimously, even including "moderate" King Hussein of Jordan, the Arab summit demanded that 1) the forum for peace talks be an international peace conference under the auspices of the UN—the majority of whose members consider Israel a "racist" and "outlaw" nation; 2) that the five permanent members of the Security Council participate, with the Soviet Union and China exercising the power of veto; 3) that the PLO participate on an equal footing; 4) that Israel withdraw from the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, and the Golan Heights—in the case of the latter effectively forfeiting vital strategic territory formally annexed; and 5) that Israel withdraw from Jerusalem. Very little of this is acceptable either to the Likud or the Labor party in Israel, and in fact it represents a declaration of continuing warfare. Forget "peace" in the Middle East, now or in the foreseeable future.

☐ Unlike the Shah or Ferdinand Marcos, President Pinochet of Chile lives simply, almost ascetically. Yet at the age of 73, having served his country pretty well on the whole, under very difficult circumstances, he doesn't seem to know when it is time to step down and let the baton pass: he is maneuvering for yet another eight-year term. There is no evidence of actual election fraud, but there has been plenty of legal cheating to give him an advantage over any opposition, even opposition on the part of possible senior candidates from the armed forces. He can set the date of the upcoming plebiscite or change it to a snap election against a disorganized opposition. He restricts opposition access to the media; and he has quashed potential younger rival candidates from the navy and the air force. He has done much for Chile. He overthrew Allende and pushed the Communists to the margins of politics. He moved Chile dramatically in a free-market direction, and the economy is now on the rise. Old in years, though vigorous, he should step down gracefully. In a good polity, which he has helped to foster, no one is indispensable.

☐ The French like and trust François Mitterrand, and feel safe with him in the Elysée. But when the smoke cleared after the runoff elections a week ago Sunday, it was apparent that Mitterrand's decision to dissolve parliament was a mistake. The Socialists got 276 seats to 271 for the Center-Right. Le Pen was wiped out, while the Communists picked up 27 seats in entrenched constituencies on a pitiful 3.4 per cent of the vote. Prognosis: Prime Minister-designate Marcel Rocard, who is 13 votes short of a majority, will engage in no bold new initiatives until after the upcoming municipal and departmental elections. A great many French deputies in the Center-Right opposition also serve as mayors and municipal councilors and may hesitate to break ranks and join the Rocard government for fear of how that will play back home in Solesmes. Look for a stalemate.

☐ Guenter Lewy's new book, *Peace and Revolution: The Moral Crisis of American Pacifism* (Eerdmans), addresses a profound matter in a profound way. Briefly, he contends that the sort of comprehensive pacifism of a man like Norman Thomas was respected in its time, if considered somewhat utopian, because it was, indeed, comprehensive. But this has now been largely replaced by a pseudo-pacifism that supports violent revolution and desires only *Western* disarmament and surrender. Lewy's exploration of his theme goes clarifyingly deep. The discussion also raises the question of what the Good Samaritan should have done had he come by a few minutes earlier, *while* the thieves were beating the man up on the Jericho road. Should we have *bombed* Auschwitz—as many now believe? These are not questions amenable to sentimental answers.

☐ If you think the American Catholic Church has gone ape, check out those Episcopalians. They have their first transsexual nun (a father, though we don't know if his son still calls him "dad"), although they stopped short of giving him permission to found a new order. And they have an unmarried lady priest in Washington, D.C., who has given birth by artificial insemination, two of her three sperm donors being priests (still male as we go to press).

☐ Folks in England welded the hull of a $446-million *Trafalgar*-class submarine upside down.

☐ To no one's surprise, Hollywood is the home of the world's only brassiere museum.

☐ A farewell thought from the late Robert Heinlein, libertarian spirit and dean of America's science-fiction writers: "The acme of prose style is exemplified by that simple, graceful clause: 'Pay to the order of.' "

☐ Ayatollah is one of the hot names for Soviet babies these days.

About Those Polls

POLITICAL AMERICA has been looking at George Bush's polls, and lo, they are not good. The man who was leading Michael Dukakis by 12 points in the Gallup ratings in March trailed him by 16 points in May. Ditto Harris. Ditto *New York Times*/CBS. Ditto the Field poll.

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The first thing to note is that we are still very early in the game. Campaigns do not formally begin until Labor Day. (In his first *Making of the President* book, Teddy White recorded the rule of thumb of city machine pols, that campaigns do not truly start until the guys in bars stop arguing about the World Series.) When the election hits its ten-week home stretch, a lot can happen. Jimmy Carter, in 1976, and Richard Nixon, in 1968, blew huge leads, to win in squeakers. Tom Dewey blew his and lost.

There are circumstantial reasons why today's premature polls should break against Bush. Bush wrapped up his nomination early in March, after which he had nothing much to do. Michael Dukakis had a nice long workout on the punching bag of Jesse Jackson, lasting all the way until he wrapped up the nomination on June 7 in New Jersey and California. Under these circumstances, Bush would be in a trough if he were Alexander the Great.

So Bush's ratings are bound to come back up. Whether they come up enough to sweep him into the Oval Office depends on whether he takes the war to Michael Dukakis in earnest, and stakes out clear stands of his own. The materials are there. Bush, unlike his opponent, is not a mouthpiece for homosexual and pro-abortion lobbies, and his appointments to the Supreme Court (see "The Issue of '88," below) would take reasonable positions on crime, busing, reverse discrimination. Bush had a ringside seat for (and presumably understands the causes of) one of the longest economic booms in American history. Bush does know about some foreign countries other than Cyprus.

We hope to hear about it.

The Issue of '88

GEORGE BUSH is never going to rouse conservatives the way Ronald Reagan did in 1980, and he'd be unwise to try. On the other hand, with so many of them tempted to sit this election out, he needs to convince them, without histrionics or implausible pledges, that there are important stakes in the Bush-Dukakis race.

And there are. To wit, the three Supreme Court seats now occupied by octogenarian liberal activists: William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, and Thurgood Marshall. All are likely to be replaced during the next four years. It's inconceivable that Michael Dukakis—pro-gay, pro-busing, soft on crime—would appoint anything but three more liberal activists to succeed them.

This is a winning issue for Bush. Not only can he use it to convince conservatives that there is a simple, objective reason for preferring him to Dukakis: he can send signals to other voters who may be drifting back to the Democrats after having voted for Ronald Reagan. The South should already be solid for Bush. The key bloc for him is the Catholic vote, ancestrally Democratic but lately estranged.

Catholics, of course, don't vote as a cohesive bloc. But they do form the nearest thing to a swing vote in presidential elections. The Democrats all but ran them out of the party by nominating McGovern in 1972. Jimmy Carter reassured them in 1976, while Gerald Ford displayed idiocy in their eyes by denying that Catholic Poland was Communist-dominated; Carter won, narrowly. In 1980 and 1984 Ronald Reagan went out of his way to bid for Catholic support by opposing abortion and favoring tuition tax credits for private schools; he won two landslides. (He has also appointed two Catholics to the Court.)

Dukakis seems aware of his party's recent blunders. He's playing down his liberalism by posing as a technocrat (offering non-ideological "competence") and playing up his para-Catholic ethnicity (identifying himself as "Greek Orthodox," although his active membership lapsed decades ago). He understands the lesson of the last five presidential elections: sharp ideological differences work against Democrats.

So Bush's task is to sharpen them. The simplest way to do that is to make the judiciary a central theme of the campaign. It's an issue Dukakis can't run away from.

Still, there are hazards for Bush too. Brennan and Blackmun were appointed by Republicans. The Democrats picked up a lot of polemical sophistication during the Bork fight, and it won't do for Bush simply to sloganeer about "original intent." He'll have to do some serious intellectual homework. But if he's prepared to make a sustained argument for limiting judicial power without seeming to denigrate the courts' legitimate and traditional role as a cornerstone of liberty, he can define the terms of the election to his own advantage.

Political Advice

Lobsters and liberals may not be all
Boston produces, since I can recall
Beans baked in syrup to water the mouth;
Still, when one's trying to ogle the South,
I would deny that I had any kin
In the one state that McGovern could win.

W. H. VON DREELE

Donkey Love-Call

THE DEMOCRATS will go into, and come out of, Atlanta next month in tight political harmony. More important, they will present themselves with

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Day Care: The Problem

THIS TOPIC is not my idea. It is the editor's. He has the curious notion that a nineteenth-century-liberal economist who has no special competence in the area of arrangements for child care is the right person to suggest and evaluate conservative alternatives in that field. Since I always do what Bill tells me to (even on the ski slope), here are some uninformed reflections.

The obvious first choice of everyone (other than a dedicated socialist) is care by a mother and father in a stable household—which, of course, includes the participation of grandparents and other relatives and friends and the use of family income to pay for supplementary care in other facilities when the parents believe that the benefits are worth the cost.

I exclude the dedicated socialist because, as Igor Shafarevich stressed, destruction of the family has long been a key item in the socialist litany. The family is the most important independent center of power capable of threatening the unlimited power of the state. It must be destroyed if the socialist ideal of an all-powerful state is to be achieved. Twenty-four-hour care in communal centers from cradle to adulthood is therefore the ideal socialist arrangement—one, indeed, that was adopted by some kibbutzim in Israel but that I understand has long since been abandoned.

Whether or not the idyllic arrangement of home care in a stable two-parent family was ever as widespread as nostalgia leads us to believe, it clearly is less common today. A disturbingly large percentage of children grow up in one-parent families or in two-parent families in which both parents work. Most working parents make reasonably satisfactory arrangements for child care, but many do not, and geographic mobility has made it more difficult to call on a frequent second-best—care by the extended family.

The practical counterpart of the first choice is to put the responsibility for child care wholly on the parent or parents, including the financial responsibility for care outside the home. This traditional arrangement does not of course rule out the use of private charity to provide assistance to families in distress, or the use of government welfare subsidies to pay for child care. It also involves treating failure to discharge this responsibility as a form of child abuse, subject to the same government sanctions as other forms.

A fatal flaw in currently promoted proposals for government financing of child care is that they penalize the family in which the mother stays at home to provide child care under first-choice conditions. In effect, such families would be taxed to pay the child-care expenses of other families. We already have enough government policies that penalize the traditional family. We surely do not need any more.

The only thoroughgoing way to avoid this flaw in a government-financed program is to pay a per-child subsidy for child care, regardless of whether that care is provided at home or outside the home—in effect, treat parents who care for their children at home as paid civil servants assigned to child care. Such universal child benefits are paid in many countries, have often been urged here, and as often rejected—as most conservatives believe that they should be. Moreover, a subsidy sufficient to support any tolerable level of paid child care would be inordinately expensive.

Unlike direct government funding, a government mandate that employers must provide day-care facilities for employed mothers of young children does not penalize stay-at-home mothers. Instead, by raising the cost of hiring mothers, it would reduce the demand for them and lower the direct wages they could command. Indeed, tax effects aside, it would encourage mothers to stay at home, since wages partly in the form of a specific kind of child care would be less attractive than money wages. The defect of this arrangement is precisely the disadvantage of any form of wages in kind compared to wages in cash. Nonetheless, this proposal attracts support because bad economics leads to its being regarded as a benefit rather than a burden to employed mothers.

In short, after much scratching of my head and consideration of all sorts of far-fetched schemes, I have been able to come up with none that comes close to matching in attractiveness traditional parental responsibility. I conclude that parental responsibility, plus penalties for child abuse, is the first, second, and third conservative choice. □

their ideological angularities smoothed out. The reason, in both cases, is the same: they want to win a presidential election.

Jesse Jackson, for instance, will not be Michael Dukakis's running-mate, however much he says he covets the slot. Dukakis will not assure TV viewers, as Walter Mondale did four years ago, that he will raise taxes. Rather, he will continue to say, as he has said all along, that he would raise them only as a "last resort." He will also push for social programs funded not by direct tax dollars, but with levies on the private sector, modeled on Massachusetts's new

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employee health-insurance law. He will campaign, as he did in pre-primary New Jersey, for "Old World values"—which he listed as work, family, community, and neighborhood.

There are obvious dissonances in this pitch. Dukakis's jobs program, for instance, cost more, and did less, than the jobs program of his conservative Democratic rival, Ed King. His appeal to family clashes with his slavish devotion to abortion and gay rights, while his most dramatic impact on Massachusetts communities has been to send violent criminals in their midsts on prison vacations.

It will be up to George Bush and the Republican Party to amplify these facts over the next four months. What election-watchers may note now is the residual effect of Ronald Reagan—the diminuendos that Dukakis and his party feel compelled to make, in contrast to their more full-throated ideological instincts. Post-Reagan, it cannot be glad confident morning again. The Democrats will call for change, and if they are elected, the change in direction and atmospherics will indeed be great. But they can say so only sotto voce.

Dukakis's Guru

A DEVIOUS NEW THEME in the presidential campaign is that on economic issues there really is no substantive difference between George Bush and Michael Dukakis. Voters therefore might as well choose on the basis of personality, which leaves it up to the cartoonists. To reinforce this point, several articles have stressed that one of Governor Dukakis's leading economic advisors, Larry Summers, is merely a "conservative" protégé of Martin Feldstein, who seems, on studiously superficial examination, not much different from Bush's advisors. Yet Summers is, in reality, a manic missionary for additional taxes on anything useful, from stock trading, to value added. His arguments change, but the conclusion is always the same: more taxes.

Summers recently displayed his "eclectic" flexibility on the *New York Times*' Op-Ed page, arguing that "no matter what happens to the trade deficit, we cannot put the economy back on an even keel without cutting the federal deficit." Before the trade deficit dropped, of course, Summers was arguing that the trade deficit was *the* reason for taxes; now, the sole function of economic policy is instead achieving "an even keel."

What does that mean? It means fewer jobs and lower living standards. "Reduced consumption," Summers writes, "can make room for increased [foreign] demand for American products." That is, Americans should have less, so that foreigners can have more. Otherwise, he warns, "unemployment will fall further" and "workers . . . will start demanding and receiving wage increases in excess of past price increases." That is, real wages might rise (as they should, with productivity way up). Instead of fabricating phony statistics about "lost jobs" and "low pay," which was last month's Democratic strategy, Summers now worries about *new* jobs and *high* pay.

Without actually saying it, as he has many times before, Summers implies that new taxes on "consumption" would have no adverse effects on investment or production. His "consumption taxes" are simply intended to keep unemployment higher to keep workers in their place, so that those who kept their jobs would work just as hard for the sheer joy of paying taxes and watching foreigners consume their products. Taxes, in Professor Summers's vision, are *defined* as "savings," so the next President should take money from workers (who save a little) and give it to the government (which saves nothing).

The next time Mike Dukakis starts promising "good jobs for every American," ask him why his chief economic advisor is so worried about prosperity that he proposes all sorts of new taxes with the explicit intent of getting unemployment back up.

Welfare Reform, Again

SENATOR MOYNIHAN'S "Family Security Act" is nearing a Senate vote, having passed the Finance Committee by a wide margin. Many previous welfare-reform efforts have failed because of conflicting objectives (more generous benefits *and* greater work incentives), plus poor marketing (accusing conserva-

MIKE GEORGE
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UNITED FEATURE SYND.
V.P.
THE PRESIDENT AND FIRST LADY WENT TO RUSSIA... AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT

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The $48,000 K Car

THE 380 per cent Korean tariff on Chrysler K cars was widely publicized by Congressman Gephardt and others as the archetypal unfairness to American goods in foreign trade. It later turned out that this example was more metaphor than reality: K cars were never marketed in Korea; if they had been, they would have sold for "only" $29,000 (as opposed to about $10,000 in this country).

Despite the bad PR, no more than 15 per cent of the trade deficit can reasonably be attributed to tariffs and other unilateral restraints imposed by our trading partners. Instead, a major and seemingly intractable factor is the spending propensity of the American consumer vis-à-vis his foreign counterparts:

CONSUMPTION AND SAVINGS AS A PERCENTAGE OF GNP

	Private Consumption		Gross Domestic Savings	
	1965	1985	1965	1985
Singapore	79	45	10	42
Japan	58	58	33	32
Korea	84	59	7	31
Germany	56	57	29	24
Canada	60	57	25	23
U.S.	62	65	21	16

Since the mid 1960s, Korea has cut private consumption 30 per cent relative to GNP, increased its savings rate more than fourfold, and transformed a trade deficit, which ran as high as 12 per cent of GNP, into a robust surplus. The U.S., meanwhile, muddles along, consuming an ever larger fraction of national income, while saving proportionately less.

A heavy reliance on income taxes is part of our problem:

TAXES ON INCOME AND CONSUMPTION AS A PERCENTAGE OF GOVERNMENT REVENUE, 1985

	Income Taxes	Consumption Taxes	Ratio Of Consumption Taxes To Income Taxes
Korea	25.3	57.4	2.3
Germany	17.0	21.6	1.3
Singapore	30.1	18.6	0.6
Canada	48.5	24.8	0.5
Japan	68.8	18.7	0.3
U.S.	50.0	6.1	0.1

Income taxes are anti-saving in the sense that when a dollar is saved, the interest or investment income from that saving is taxed, while a dollar spent on consumption gives rise to no additional income-tax liability.

We ought to at least consider substituting a federal tax on consumption for part of the federal income tax. A 5 per cent Value Added Tax (VAT) levied on all U.S. personal consumption, for example, would raise about $150 billion. If medical care, food, and clothing were declared exempt from tax, the VAT would still raise $115 billion, or enough to permit a 30 per cent reduction in personal income taxes or total elimination of the corporate income tax.

Besides lowering the overall consumption rate, a VAT could directly aid the foreign-trade account by being applied to imports while being rebated on exports. Income taxes, on the other hand, are unalterably embedded in the price of domestically produced goods, whether exported or not. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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tives of racism and ill will). What are the better reasons why this bill should fail?

The rhetoric of the Senate Finance Committee report starts well enough, talking about how "the nation's welfare system must stress family responsibility." But it then quickly switches to "*the need for benefit improvement.*" (Why does "reform" always mean more money? A recent Congressional Budget Office report notes that an existing law requiring the Federal Government to pick up half of any state's welfare and Medicaid expenses, however wasteful, "requires low- and middle-income states to pay a greater share of AFDC [Aid to Families with Dependent Children] benefits and Medicaid costs relative to income than it requires of high-income states." That is, taxpayers in poor states subsidize runaway welfare programs in rich states. Treating all states the same, by instead providing federal assistance related to state income, would save at least $33 billion over five years.)

To sell his plan, Senator Moynihan compares survivors' benefits under Social Security with the lower benefits under AFDC asking, "Is this a case of institutionalized discrimination?" That is a cheap shot, since a parent must have worked and paid Social Security taxes for his or her children to be eligible for death benefits. Those who receive AFDC, on the other hand, do not have to work to qualify, nor do they have to die. Indeed, Senator Moynihan emphasizes

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Belling Jim Wright

With the rack in disrepute
And faggots for the stake
Out of vogue, the only route
Republicans can take
Is the purifying glare
Of TV hearings that
Can, as Colonel North's aware,
Wake up a zonked-out bat.

W. H. von Dreele

that "in New York City, half of the welfare recipients have never had one day's work in their lives." If such professional nonworkers "deserve" equal benefits, why should anyone work and pay Social Security taxes? The senator answers that, under his reform, "the income supplement is *assumed* to be temporary" [emphasis added]. What happens when the newly "improved" (more generous) "temporary" welfare runs out? If welfare really fell to zero after six months or so, which is quite unrealistic, wouldn't a different senator then describe the results as "institutionalized discrimination"?

As described in the *New York Times*, Senator Moynihan's bill mainly involves federal *orders* to the states as to how they should spend whatever state taxes are left after the Federal Government is finished shipping money to New York, Massachusetts, and Washington, D.C.: "The bill would *require states* to create flexible work programs . . . [and] would also *require the states* to intensify their efforts to make absentee fathers provide child support . . . [and] would *require states* to provide free child care . . . States would also be *required* to continue Medicaid benefits . . ." When defending these proposed intrusions into the judgment of elected state officials, the senator invariably points to specific problems in New York City, which may be quite different from those in Des Moines. Rather than impose a uniform welfare scheme on the entire nation, perhaps Moynihan should run for mayor of New York, and try it there.

Computers Need Chips

In the spring of 1987, the United States decided to "get tough" with Japan, imposing "sanctions" (tariffs) to persuade the Japanese to cut their production of semiconductors in order to raise the price. The first ripples should have warned of what was to come. On March 31, 1987, the *New York Times* reported that a "chain reaction in financial markets [was] touched off by President Reagan's trade sanctions against Japan . . . Reaction to the dollar's decline was violent in the stock and bond markets, where prices plunged in near-panic selling." Now, a year later, *Newsweek* reports that the "semiconductor agreement is one reason why American computer manufacturers are . . . facing one of the worst shortages of memory chips ever." Many U.S. companies are unable to sell expensive computers because they don't have enough cheap chips. The proposed sanctions against Toshiba in the omnibus trade bill would cause even more trouble, since Toshiba is virtually the only source of the one-megabit chips that are at the heart of the most powerful U.S. computers.

Since the chip shortage already means U.S. manufacturers have had to restrict their production of complex computers, it also reduces the sales of costly and complex U.S. microprocessors. If this is "getting tough" with trading partners, perhaps we should also cut the supply of some trivial imported component of U.S. metals, autos, or chemicals, and thus shut down those industries too.

AIDS: Taking Action

A pair of new studies indicates that the principal AIDS virus can incubate undetected far longer than was previously supposed. One study, reported on at the Fourth International Conference on AIDS in Stockholm last week, finds that the incubation period can be more than three years. Another, made in San Francisco, puts the average incubation period among homosexuals at 7.8 years. The latter report also calculates that 99 per cent of those who contract the virus will die of it—as opposed to earlier estimates of 50 per cent. Meanwhile, no great advances in treating the affliction have been made. If you get it, you're done for.

All of which underscores the futility of the 579 recommendations handed down by the President's Commission on AIDS. None of those proposals, of course, takes us an inch in the direction of an AIDS cure. Instead, they serve to express a mix of frustration, humanitarianism, and free-floating determination to Do Something.

The Commission's chairman, Admiral James Watkins, calls the program "centrist." Maybe he meant to say "statist." It follows predictable contours: the sphere of federal power will be enlarged, in the name of "emergency responsiveness," while the sphere of personal discretion will be correspondingly shrunk. The government will tell us whom we may hire and fire, will forbid us to warn each other of the identity of an infected party, will start telling kindergarteners all about AIDS, will confer sweeping new powers on the Surgeon General, and you can probably come up with the other 575 yourself. One might have thought AIDS would put a damper on the sexual revolution. Instead it's limiting the rights of consenting adults

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to do just about anything, except of course commit sodomy.

The current response to AIDS will, someday, be read as a strange, or not so strange, chapter in the history of science. We have been assured of all sorts of certainties about the transmission of the virus—while there are still large areas of uncertainty. We are assured that the blood supply is 99 per cent safe—then told that, alas, it isn't.

The HIV virus is a devilishly clever mechanism, as the papers at Stockholm attest. It mutates so rapidly that scientists do not know from one phase to the next exactly what creature they are dealing with. Scientists—and panels of politicians—should be a lot more modest in their pronouncements.

Clarence Pendleton, RIP

OF THE many jobs Clarence M. Pendleton Jr. performed as a youth in Baltimore, one was to wash the stone steps of the home of a neighbor, Mrs. Marshall. While Pendleton, "Penny" as he called himself, was learning lessons in free enterprise, Mrs. Marshall's son, Thurgood, was learning lessons in the courtroom that would one day lead to his becoming the first black justice on the Supreme Court. Both men successfully rose up through the system, but Marshall came to attack it while Pendleton became one of its staunchest defenders.

At a time when many blacks were abandoning the ideal of the color-blind society for which they had fought so hard, Pendleton worked to confirm it. He challenged the self-proclaimed civil-rights leaders to debates on quotas, busing, affirmative action, and other approaches that made impossible the fulfillment of Martin Luther King's exhortation that we should judge our fellow men, "not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character."

As the president of the Urban League in San Diego from 1975 until 1982 and as chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights—its first black chairman—from 1982 on, Pendleton used his platforms and his ready wit to combat what he saw as the reinstitutionalization of racism. He infuriated so-called "black leaders" ("Who ever heard of 'white leaders'?" he would occasionally remark) when he called them "the new racists" whose support for the Democratic Party—to which he had once belonged—"led blacks into a political Jonestown." He infuriated feminists when he called the concept of comparable worth "the looniest idea since *Loony Tunes*." Yet he delighted almost all with his humor and affability. As a staffer at the Commission (and counsel at the last hearing over which he presided), I would marvel at his ability instantly to defuse a potentially explosive situation with a quip and a smile.

In his later years, Pendleton was accused of being everything from "Uncle Tom" to "Stepin Fetchit." This could not have been easy for one who had spent the first decades of his life being called "nigger" and "coon." But while other successful blacks bowed to the social establishment's demands that they condemn the system, Pendleton fought resolutely to maintain it, all the while maintaining his humor as well.

Two weeks ago the chairman's drive finally outstripped his physical capacities. He died, while exercising, at age 57. In a 1986 interview, Pendleton related how a reporter had told him, "You are strange. You are black. You don't play by the rules . . . and [Washington] has never seen anybody like you." Indeed.

—MICHAEL FUMENTO

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Cute joke making the rounds in Texas: "No one would ever have believed it ten years ago, but look at me now! I'm richer than John Connally; I'm more religious than Jimmy Swaggart; and I've had more women than Rock Hudson!"

John "Shecky" Learsy
Amarillo, Tex.

☐ To the Editor
The New York Times Book Review

A brief but necessary comment on a single (crowded) sentence from the review by Godfrey Hodgson of John B. Judis's *William F. Buckley, Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives* (May 15). He writes, "The sneering disdain of his [my] manner on television, the wit that is so often only a thin disguise for boasting ('I don't stoop to conquer. I merely conquer'), the parading of personal wealth and privileged education (all those gobbets of unnecessary Latin), and all the tricks of the showy style: these always suggested a self-absorbed and perhaps a fundamentally frivolous person."

Dear me. 1) The wisecrack cited was done during a roast at which I was being goaded by Jeff Greenfield, Tom Wolfe, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Henry Kissinger. Roasts in America, Mr. Hodgson should be informed, are designed as caricature. 2) I don't remember ever, in 22 years on *Firing Line*, so much as referring to, let alone parading, my (putative) personal wealth. 3) If Latin is self-evidently so unnecessary, why is it still taught? *Res ipsa loquitur.* WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

Some pristine specimens of the liberal mania appeared in *The Nation* recently.

Christopher Hitchens (never more lucid than when

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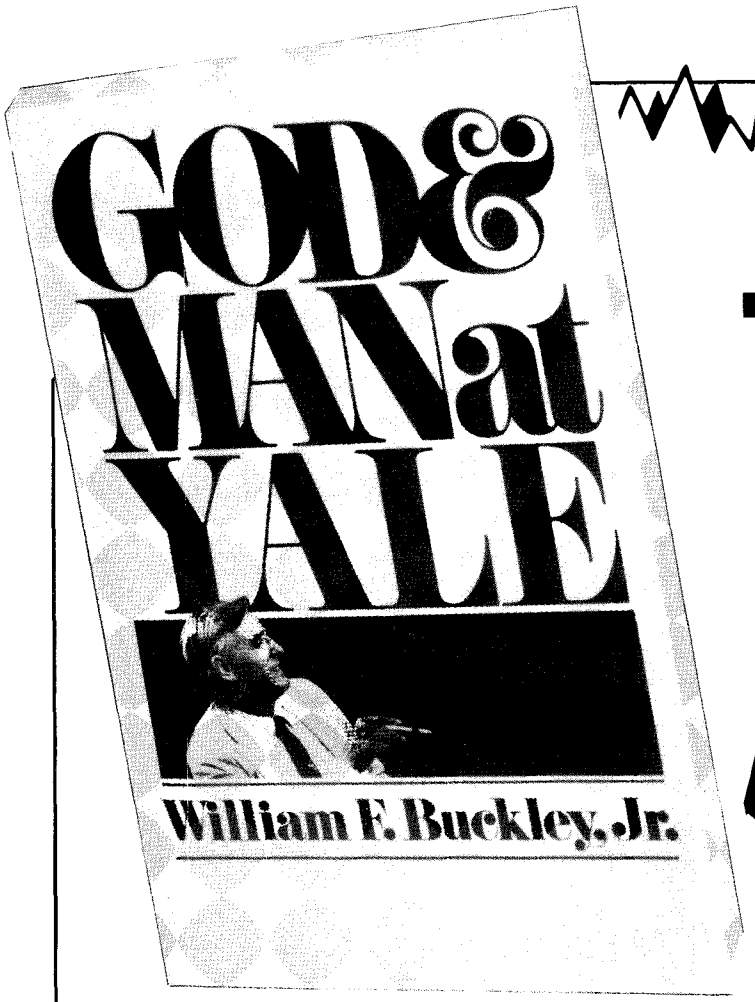

HERE'S THE BOOK THAT STARTED IT ALL!

Things have never been the same since William F. Buckley Jr.'s *God and Man at Yale* first hit the bookstands. The effect was electrifying. It became an almost overnight best-seller and vaulted its young author into national prominence. Few books have aroused such a *hostile* reaction from the liberal media—while at the same time gaining the "culprit" so many loyal fans.

Now this extraordinary book (a conservative classic) is once again available in a handsome new edition, complete and unabridged—plus a brilliant new introduction (almost a small book in itself) that updates the whole story and makes this edition even more valuable than the original.

As John Chamberlain noted at the time: "Mr. Buckley's chief sin, as this book will make plain to the discerning, is to hold certain truths to be self-evident: that the free economy is better for both the individual and the group than the 'planned' or the controlled economy; that man has a definite nature, which includes intimations of a moral and religious character . . ." Powerful stuff for the dominant liberal establishment in 1951, when the book was published—powerful stuff for America today!

God and Man at Yale is, in fact, a conservative milestone. Now, while they last, you can get your own personal copy with this special offer. Just extend your present subscription to *National Review* for another year (no matter when it expires), or enter a new subscription, at the regular yearly rate of $36, and you get the book FREE and POSTPAID! Don't miss this special offer. Fill out the card facing this page and send it to us today.

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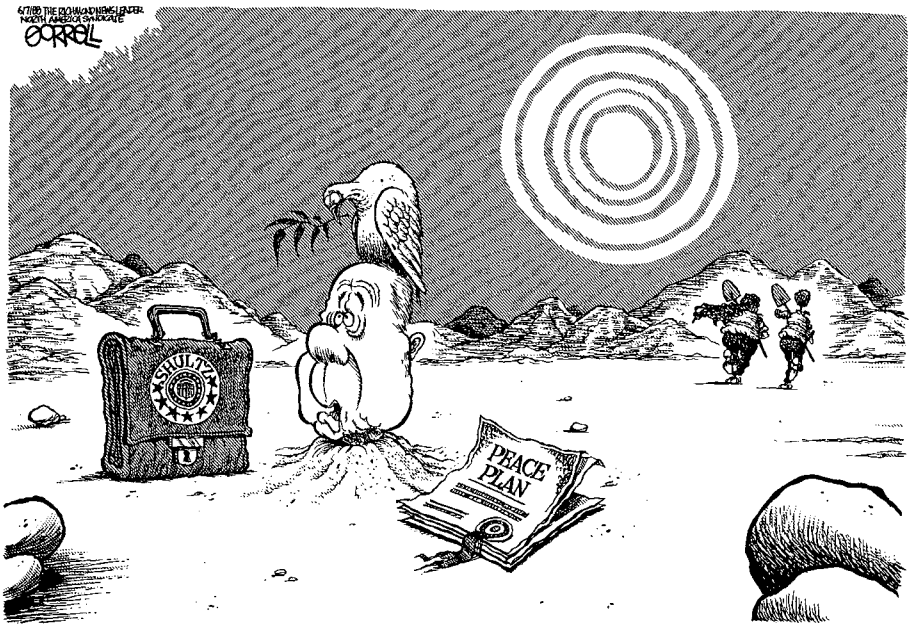

"On the bright side, it's a great example of Arab-Israeli cooperation."

the mania is upon *him*!) has this to say about the vicissitudes of southern-African politics (April 30) (Sort of a paraphrase, but you'll get the idea.): "With the near extinction of the Herero," he tells us, "the dominant population of the country became the Ovambo, out of whose national liberation movement came SWAPO. SWAPO would easily win any election held in today's Namibia, were it not for the fact that the Herero would be overwhelmed by the Ovambo domination."

Bill, the SWAPO are *really* a feisty tribe. Legend has it that their white masters used to mate the men with Indo-European mud-wrestlers from Mombasa! And they are truly an oppressed people, especially the Herero. Alan Alda, who recently delivered a lecture to the Ovamboland Medical Society, on the topic of "The Incidence of Acute Orthostatic Hypotension Following Pyloric Valve Resection," relates the heart-rending story of a man, an Herero, who was swallowed by a python, cut himself out with a knife, and was later arrested by the Ovambo Humane Society for cruelty to animals! He was later incarcerated without even a murmur about due process!

And according to Hitchens, Bill, conditions are worsening in Yerevan and Nagorno-Karabakh where *perestroika* is being denied. In fact, "the most courageous newspaper in Istanbul," *Cumhuriyet*, reports that Plato's *Republic* has been banned by the military authorities! The tension has become so widespread, Bill, that even at Diyarbakir prison, described by Hitchens as "one of the worst prisons in the world," the inmates are staging 24-hour candlelight vigils shouting in frenzied unison, "Plato! Plato! Plato!" until they drop from exhaustion. Some of the other prisoners, delirious from lack of sleep, forgetting themselves, began to chant: "Philo! Philo! Philo!"—after which the rioting understandably intensified.

Prison officials, in a rare gesture of compromise, offered the inmates of Yerevan translations of the *Posterior Analytics*. After this, the rioting did subside considerably. But it didn't completely stop until Mike Farrell, who was vacationing in nearby Athens on a Perrillo Tour, bought up every copy he could find of the Yerevani translation of Arthur Janov's *The Primal Scream*, and had them airmailed to the prison!

And this was gleaned from *The Nation* also (a letter to the editor, April 2). The writer, Loyal Chien, was perturbed by Andrew Kopkind's reference to "the obligatory golden retriever." Mr. Chien contends that capital letters should have been used in referring to this breed of dog, which, he claims, ranks no higher than fifth in the top-fifty American Kennel Club Registrations of breed (I think he meant "no lower"). The dog was in attendance at a political rally for Jack Kemp. Does the insensitivity of Mr. Kopkind have no limit? According to the *World Almanac and Book of Facts* (1988), the Golden Retriever is indeed ranked fourth by the AKC, ahead of the German Shepherd, which is fifth! But does Mr. Chien know what the following breeds of dog have in common?

lakeland terrier
sealyham
irish water spaniel
afghan

They were all one-time winners in the Westminster Kennel Club Shows, and all are not listed in the current top-fifty AKC ratings! *The Nation* follows the conventions of *Webster's New World Dictionary*, which does not capitalize breed names unless a proper noun is included. But the WABF uses capitals for all references to breed. Which is proper?

With collegial regards,
David E. Foglietta
Tigris-Euphrates Hilton Hotel
Mesopotamia

I dunno, Foglietta, but *you* are having a ball. Hang in there. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

President Reagan should pardon Admiral Poindexter, Lieutenant Colonel North, and Jane Fonda.

Yours truly,
Darryl Davis
Seattle, Wash.

—WFB

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PARLAYING THE SUMMIT

FOR ALL the questions swirling around Ronald Reagan's performance at the Moscow Summit, judged from a PR point of view it can only help his understudy, George Bush. Recent head-to-head polls measuring Bush against Dukakis give the Massachusetts governor better than a 15-point lead. But on foreign-policy issues—namely, depth of experience in dealing with foreign leaders, ability to handle relations with the Soviets, and knowledgeability about top-level defense questions—Bush heavily outweighs Dukakis.

The Veep's strengths in these areas are partly the result of his career experience: combat veteran, CIA director, envoy to China, Vice President. But they are also traditional GOP strengths. Asked whether Republicans or Democrats can better handle foreign policy and defense, voters habitually give an edge to the GOP. This Republican strength has attracted conservative, blue-collar Democrats to the GOP ticket in recent presidential elections, notably Nixon's 1972 landslide and Reagan's 1980 and 1984 wins. However, with Iran-Contra, some of this traditional GOP advantage has dissipated.

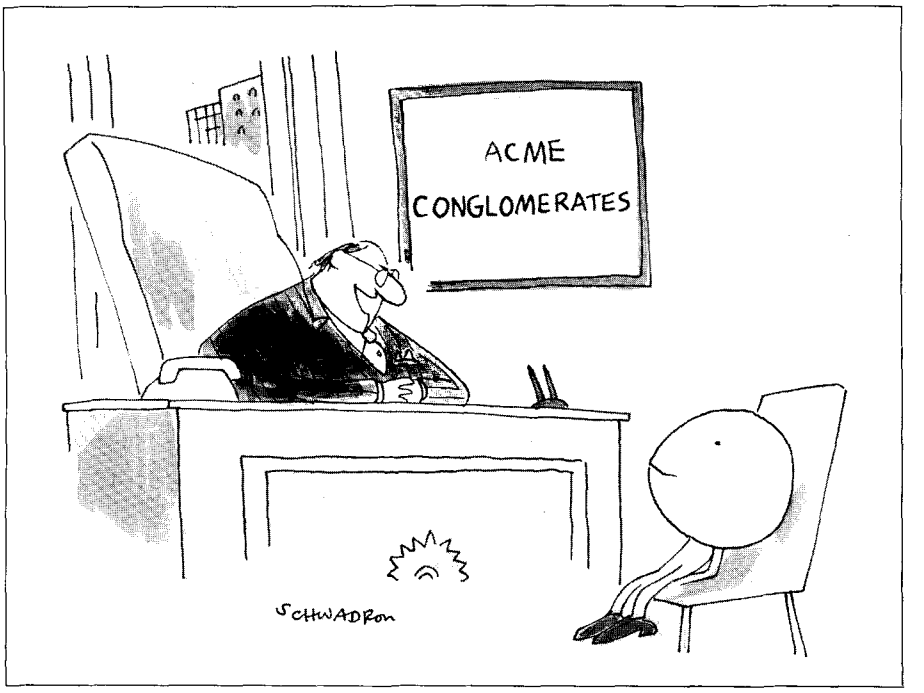
In Moscow, Reagan helped change that. The Gipper won one for the Veep. Reagan's virtuoso performance—e.g., his address at the Moscow State University—gave Bush the opportunity to turn the presidential campaign back to the question of experience. In a résumé contest, Bush beats Dukakis easily—but he has to get the voters to look at his résumé rather than at the Iran-Contra headlines. Reagan's Moscow momentum may have shown him the way.

However, it is wrong to speak of the Summit purely in PR terms. In spite of Ronald Reagan's legendary nonchalance as President, he has not been essentially uninvolved in U.S.-Soviet relations. One facet has particularly engaged his interest throughout his tenure in office—i.e., the relative strength of the U.S. versus the Soviet economy.

When William Casey was CIA director and William Clark was national security advisor, Reagan showed great interest in regular reports on Soviet sales of gold reserves. He knew that to sustain military competition with the United States, the Soviets were spending a much higher percentage of their GNP on the military than we were of ours. Depletion of their gold reserves and a lower living standard for average citizens were the price the Soviets paid. For years Reagan has believed that eventually the Soviets would cry uncle, and jettison their policy of military superiority. They have hardly done this, but Reagan still believes they will. That belief was the underpinning of his policy of "peace through strength." Bush should make this his rallying cry, and assert his own determination to continue, guardedly, a policy that brought the Soviets to the bargaining table.

THIS TACTICAL OPENING for Bush can still slam shut if Gorbachev falters at the Communist Party conference later this month, particularly if Politburo hard-liners use the lack of progress on SDI as their excuse for curbing *glasnost* and *perestroika*. But most Potomac pundits now rank Gorbachev's chances of prevailing at the conference as better than fifty-fifty. For the Soviets, the Summit legitimized the USSR as a nation among nations—a clear plus for Gorbachev.

The question now is whether Bush's strategists are adroit enough to see the Summit opportunity and exploit it fully. Unfortunately, early indications are negative: Bush's handlers want to separate him too much from Mr. Reagan. And yet the Summit might give the understudy his chance to play the leading role. □



"Your job, Pac-Man, will be to gobble up companies."

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SUMMIT SEMANTICS

YOU HAVE TO hand it to the old Hollywood pro and the up-and-coming Russian leading man: in terms of spectacle, the Moscow Summit was in the Oscar range. The sight of Ronald Reagan addressing students at Moscow State University beneath a massive bust of Lenin was not one that I (or I dare say other *NR* readers) ever expected to see. Reagan telling the Soviets to improve their record on human rights yet discarding his "evil empire" label . . . Where will it all end?

In fact, the show-biz dazzle concealed a far graver matter of political semantics, which is in a sense what the Summit was all about.

In the final phase of the Moscow Summit, Mikhail Gorbachev came back to the theme of his extended interview with the *Washington Post* on May 22. He said of his meetings with the President that they were "a blow to the foundations of the cold war." (In the *Post* interview, he had said that "the winds of the cold war are being replaced by the winds of change.") And he went on to appeal for "peaceful coexistence." To give credit where credit is due, I think it was the late Hugh Seton-Watson, many years ago, who pointed out that in Soviet semantics the two expressions are roughly synonymous. More accurately, they are two sides of the same coin. But the sad fact is that very few Western statesmen seem to grasp the point, so here goes again.

Since Bernard Baruch, financier and presidential advisor, used the term in a congressional debate in 1947, "the cold war" has been understood (in the West) as "denoting the open yet restricted rivalry that developed after World War II between the United States and the Soviet Union and their respective allies, a war fought on political, economic, and propaganda fronts, with limited recourse to weapons, largely because of fear of a nuclear holocaust" (to quote the wordy *Encyclopaedia Britannica*). We can do better than that. The cold war was seen in the West as the sum total of hostile deeds on either side of the Iron Curtain: a two-way traffic.

That, however, has never been the way Soviet ideologists defined it. To Moscow (and in Communist eyes everywhere), the cold war is a one-way traffic: hostile words and deeds against the Soviet Union and its allies, coming entirely from the Western side. What *they* do to *us* is called "peaceful coexistence." The West needs to be reminded that:

1. The term "peaceful coexistence" was coined by Lenin's Foreign Minister, Georgi Chicherin, in the 1920s, to refer to the period (which seemed to be taking longer than the Bolshevik leader had expected) between the 1917 Revolution and its extension to the rest of the world, which was confidently expected. (And still is, if less confidently?) During that time (however long it took) it was going to be all right to have trade and other deals with the "capitalist" countries, on the guiding principle that such deals should be to the advantage of the Communist side and of "History." (That particular guiding principle still applies, by the way.)

2. When Stalin died, in 1953, he had spread the benefits of the Revolution to Eastern Europe, but had been stymied elsewhere. With Nikita Khrushchev in power, a new look was taken at "peaceful coexistence." A new gloss was called for. It came at the end of 1960 in a conference of the world's Communist Parties (the last, incidentally, in which the Soviet and Chinese Parties both took part). The new exegesis, spelt out in the final Declaration, was that peaceful coexistence implied "the intensification of the international class struggle." Back to semantics: the "international class struggle" is what the Kremlin and its allies do, or try to do, to weaken our democratic systems.

This definition not only has never been revoked but has been repeatedly reaffirmed. So when Gorbachev tells us that the cold war is on its way out, he means that the will of our democratic governments to stand up to what Richard Nixon calls "the real war" has been seriously weakened. And when he calls upon us to give peaceful coexistence a chance, he means something on the following lines: Thanks a lot for easing trade barriers; thanks, especially, to West Germany for that $2-billion loan. All that eases our arms burden so we can go right on building up Nicaragua's armed forces to the projected 600,000 level, spying on you, and conducting our "active measures," including forgeries and disinformation.

High marks to the President's aides, then, for talking him out of including a commitment to "peaceful coexistence" in the draft joint statement, as requested by Gorbachev.

HAVING UTTERED these words of caution, let me add that of course unprecedented things are happening in the Soviet Union. They include widespread riots and demonstrations, not only in Estonia and Armenia, but just about all over the USSR. They include the unprecedented spectacle of Boris Yeltsin, the demoted ex-Party chief in Moscow, rebuking the Politburo's Number 2, Yegor Ligachev, in an interview with the BBC. Things are humming, all right.

But remember, in his *Post* interview, Gorbachev said everybody could have freedom of speech in the Soviet Union, so long as they didn't use it to question socialism. Strange, that is what was being said in Stalin's time when his 1936 Constitution "guaranteed" (Article 125) freedom of the press, of speech, and of assembly. □

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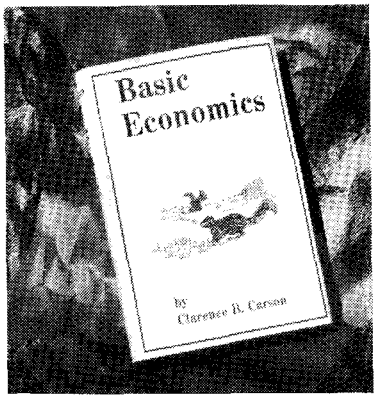

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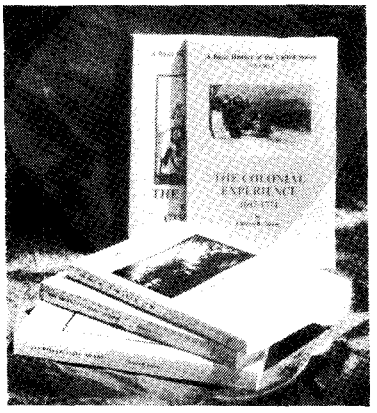

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SEX & THE SOVIET MAN

WHEN I STUDIED at Leningrad University five years ago, Soviet newspapers and officials routinely denied the existence of prostitution in the USSR. Like all visitors, I rapidly discovered that these denials were absurd: prostitutes worked quite openly and aggressively in the major hotels catering to foreigners, such as the Evropeiskaya on Leningrad's Nevsky Prospekt. Yet Soviet officialdom stubbornly clung to its doctrine. As one Moscow bureaucrat declared, "It does not exist here—that is why it cannot be prohibited."

Thanks to *glasnost*, the Kafkaesque gap between reality and doctrine in the Soviet Union has narrowed. In the fall of 1986, the Soviet press began to admit that, yes, there are prostitutes in the USSR; at that time, however, the press emphasized that the problem was a foreign import restricted to a few tourist hotels in major cities. Today the press admits that prostitution is widespread and that it thrives on Soviet as well as foreign patronage. On July 22, 1987, the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Republic (RSFSR) made it official: prostitution would now be an administrative offense punishable by fines of up to 200 rubles ($360).

Soviet authorities had long recognized the connection between prostitution and pornography, venereal disease, drug addiction, black marketeering, currency speculation, and theft. Now along comes a new hazard: AIDS. The most promising way of attacking prostitution, the authorities concluded, was to publicize its hazards and encourage public condemnation of those engaging in it. "Only once society becomes completely intolerant toward prostitution," an article in *Izvestia* declared recently, "will the measures adopted by law-enforcement agencies truly work."

Mr. Anthony, a law student at Columbia University, has worked as a summer intern at Radio Liberty in Munich.

While there are no official figures on the number of prostitutes in the USSR, recently published articles in the Soviet press indicate that sex is a booming business. One member of the Moscow police force has compiled a list of 3,500 prostitutes in Moscow alone. Other cities—and particularly resort areas and naval centers—are similarly afflicted. According to one press report, prostitutes regularly "lay siege" to dormitories of foreign students. Male tourists are frequently subjected to "persistent pestering by painted girls" who "swarm" around hotel lobbies, restaurants, and bars. "These priestesses of love," indignantly declared Vladimir Fedulov, head of an auxiliary police force in Moscow's Frunze district, "must not be allowed to turn every Intourist hotel into an altar to their profession." Until this year, however, they managed to do so unhampered not only because no law prohibited their activity, but because they passed on valuable information to the KGB.

Prostitutes who frequent the hard-currency bars, restaurants, and hotels are the elite of their profession. Attractive and stylish, they imitate Western behavior, know certain basic phrases in several foreign languages, and even adopt Western names. Two students in Moscow who became prostitutes underwent a remarkable metamorphosis: good-bye Sveta and Vera; hello Stella and Viola. A black-marketeer I know in Leningrad supplemented his income by working as a pimp for a female friend who called herself either Natasha or Natalie, depending on the audience. Natasha made a specialty of seducing raucous Finns who traveled to Leningrad in search of cheap alcohol. Whenever I saw her, she was busily memorizing useful items from a Finnish phrasebook.

The overhead for those in the sex biz is considerable: payments to doormen who let them enter hotels, waiters who reserve tables, taxi drivers who work as chauffeurs and find clients, hairdressers and masseuses, apartment owners who act as fictitious husbands, and doctors who falsify health certificates. But the financial rewards can be enormous: the Soviet press has cited instances of prostitutes earning the hard-currency equivalent of 40,000 rubles ($72,400) a year and pimps earning up to 500 rubles ($900) a night. One prostitute's telephone bill was the equivalent of 18 months' salary for an average Russian. For many, the ultimate objective is marrying a foreigner, in order to gain the right to possess hard currency and shop in special stores. One side effect of the many recent articles condemning the sex trade, according to one longtime prostitute, is that tourist hotels and restaurants are being flooded with "amateurs."

PROSTITUTES who target foreign students and sailors do not have as glamorous a life. They sell their favors for as little as a pair of fashionable trousers or a stick of Western deodorant. According to press reports, whores who frequent student dormitories spend weeks wandering from one room to the next without setting foot outside. The organization and initiative of some prostitutes are remarkable. At one port in Lithuania, they go to the upper floors of tall buildings and stand watch with binoculars in order to spot incoming ships. They know all the telephone numbers of the piers to which the ships are moored and are therefore able to advertise their services.

At the bottom of the ladder are those prostitutes who frequent the train stations of major cities and sell themselves for as little as a bottle of cheap wine. One article related that drunken prostitutes sometimes stagger into snowbanks and freeze to death there.

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As a sideline, many prostitutes engage in blackmail and theft. The Soviet press reports that high officials have had to pay up to 10,000 rubles ($18,100) in perks to recover certain compromising photographs. Some prostitutes have been known to knock out their clients with drugs so that they can rob them.

The Soviet press lays part of the blame for the existence of prostitution on the nation's high divorce rate (50 per cent in Moscow). The profession is frequently passed on from mother to daughter: "If she plays on a large scale," a prostitute in the seaside resort of Sochi said of her 15-year-old daughter, "she can retire on a pension at the age of 25." It is not uncommon for aging mothers to force their daughters to split their earnings and lure clients home.

The press also blames the lack of courses on sex and ethics in Soviet schools. The sight of idle women who "swim in champagne" clearly has a corrupting effect on youth. One journalist cited the case of a 13-year-old girl who used to kiss her male admirers in return for Eskimo ice-cream bars or tickets to the movies. The journalist was particularly shocked by the fact that the little girl belonged to the Communist Youth League (Komsomol). Many women do become prostitutes to satisfy their thirst for material satisfaction. "I once sat in a Mercedes," a lady of the evening declared. "Now the sight of other cars makes me sick." Therefore, the Soviet press blames Soviet light industry for failing to produce enough high-quality consumer goods.

Since prostitution officially did not exist before last fall, authorities couldn't very well punish anyone for engaging in it. The Soviet militia could arrest a prostitute on charges of not holding a state job, engaging in black-market activities and currency speculation, spreading venereal disease, or causing public disturbance. But a prostitute was able to protect herself against such charges. For example, she could bribe officials to list her as a student or a worker in a state enterprise. If that ruse failed, a prostitute could receive dispensation from holding a state job by becoming a mother; she would either give birth herself or, if unable to do so, pay an acquaintance to have a baby, which hospital officials—for a fee—would register as hers. Often the militia had no recourse other than to take prostitutes into custody and give them stern lectures about socialist ethics. Such lectures had no more effect, declared a Soviet reporter, than "making a hooligan sit in a corner."

THE BURST of publicity about prostitution in the Soviet Union raised expectations that the authorities would adopt severe legal measures. Publicity about drug abuse last spring, after all, had resulted in a crackdown by the militia and the Ministry of Health. "Selling one's body should carry a criminal penalty," asserted one journalist, "because administrative measures won't do any good." But prostitution remains to this day merely an administrative offense.

The new punishment, a fine, seems particularly inconsequential when compared to the prison terms of up to five years for homosexuality, eight years for sex with a minor, and two years for transmitting venereal disease. A prostitute recently wrote to *Literaturnaya Gazeta* suggesting that the state legalize prostitution and tax it at up to 40 per cent. For some prostitutes that would mean surrendering up to 16,000 rubles ($28,960) a year. Either way, it's a safe bet that the world's oldest profession will continue to reap very unsocialist profits in the USSR. □

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BISHOP PIKE'S RETURN ENGAGEMENT

BACK IN the 1950s James Pike was picked up by the media as the perfectly modern cleric. As dean of the Episcopal cathedral up on Morningside Heights, and later as bishop in San Francisco, he excelled in demonstrating how little one could believe and still call oneself a Christian, or at least an Episcopal bishop. Finally, even his long-suffering colleagues had had enough, and Pike was censured. After leaving the hierarchy, his personal life in a shambles, Pike drifted from the church into the twilight world of "questing for new spiritualities," and for a medium who might put him in touch with a son who had committed suicide. Pike died in September 1969, wandering alone and lost in the wilderness near the Dead Sea. His friends saw a measure of tragedy in a great talent gone terribly wrong. Others were not so kind. But for two decades James Pike was celebrated as one of the formative figures in American religion. Looking through three current histories of religion in America, however, one finds only one mention of Pike, in a footnote.

That is not how John Spong reads history. Spong is the Episcopal bishop of Newark, New Jersey, and author of a little book titled *Living in Sin?* which is being breathlessly, and somewhat desperately, promoted as "Controversial!!!" According to Spong, Jim Pike is in the canon of saints who, against the forces of superstition, tradition, and prejudice, have daringly pioneered the "inevitable" progress of history. On that list of honor are such worthies as Jan Hus, Copernicus, Galileo, Charles Darwin, John (*Honest to God*) Robinson, and, of course, John Spong. Bishop Spong cannot be accused of hiding his light under a bushel. He frankly, and repeatedly, tells us how courageous he is being. He reports on the press stories, television interviews, and other evidences of media excitement about his "unconventional" views. "It is amazing to learn that my ideas have such enormous power," he says with a touchingly innocent air of self-importance. Of course he gets nasty mail, and even threats, from the unenlightened. But he promises that he will not cave in to the reactionary hordes. Anyway, what can they do to him? "We live today in a gentler world. I am not likely to be burned at the stake," he observes. Change is inescapable, he incessantly announces, and he is not about to be intimidated by those who "refuse to come to terms with the real world." Progress is God, and John Spong is her prophet.

And what makes Spong's tract so "Controversial!!!"? Wouldn't you know, it is about sex. Or, as Spong puts it: "Some people will regard this as a book about sex. I regard it as a book about prejudice." It is about other people's prejudices about sex. What he says will be familiar to readers of the popular press or of the pubescent literature that is billed as "adult." Like television's Dr. Ruth, Spong is a celebrant of the mutual pleasuring that is "the *sine qua non* of good sex." And good sex comes in many forms, hetero and homo, within and outside of marriage. Whether or not one finds Dr. Ruth more persuasive in a clerical collar, Spong's declared purpose is to get his church's blessing, so to speak, for the sexual views of "this new age"—views that are going to triumph anyway, he says, whether the church likes it or not.

More than most who succumb to the clerical conceit of being prophetically avant-garde, John Spong is dreadfully mean-spirited toward those who disagree with him. His pages are chock-full of exhortations to be loving, sensitive, accepting, and open—except to those of a different view. Not once does he seriously address an argument counter to his. In his comfortable narrow-mindedness, he dismisses those who differ as superstitious, tradition-bound, fearful, and captive to the sexist, homophobic, and patriarchal patterns of the past. The most bitter venom is reserved for believing Jews, Roman Catholics, evangelicals, and fundamentalists. (The last is a catch-all term for benighted folk who oppose the modern scholarship by which "Biblical authority begins to sink into the sea of the relativity of all truth.") Jews who believe they have a special covenant with God are victims of a primitive patriarchal myth of exclusivity designed to justify tribal egoism and the exploitation of others. Christians who appeal to the authority of Saint Paul are blind to the fact that he was a driven, conflicted, guilt-ridden misogynist, who quite possibly was homophobic because he was himself homosexual. John Spong assures us, however, that he loves the Bible and reads it every day. One wonders why.

CONSIDER TOO that the author is a bishop in Newark, a city noted for its concentration of the black underclass. In this book, however, all the children go to university, all the adults are professional, articulate, and terribly sensitive. It is a tract for the upper middle class and for those who aspire to getting there. He even assumes his readers will remember the days when, after dinner, the men retired to the library for cigars and brandy. Meanwhile, in large sectors of his pastoral charge, 80 per cent of the children are born out of wedlock, never to know a father, never to know the "traditional family" of which Spong speaks so slightingly. The poor of Newark never make an appearance in the bishop's book. They should. They are among the chief victims of the "sexual revolution" that he so earnestly promotes.

Marx was right. The second time around it is farce, and in this case callous farce. Jim Pike, rest in peace. □

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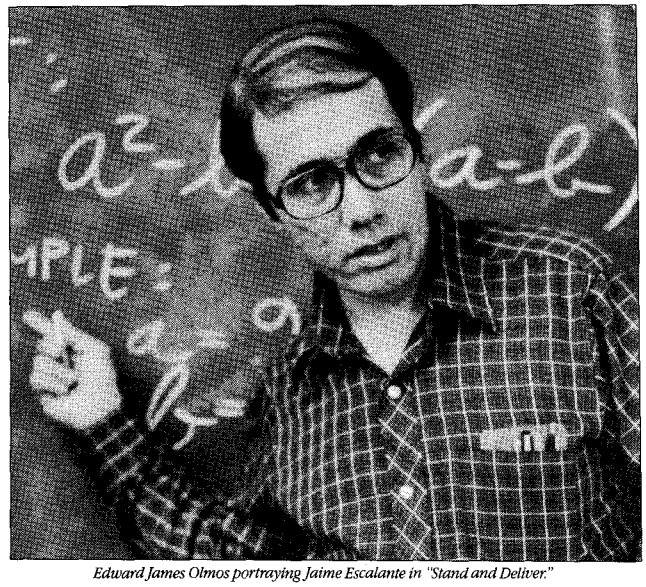

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Wall Street HYSTERIA

Andrew Redleaf

THE KEY to our current tremendously precarious economic state is what happened on October 19, 1987. That the stock market fell over 20 per cent, that Fidelity Investments (the country's largest privately held mutual-fund manager) sold $1 billion worth of its stock holdings, that communication and arbitrage between Chicago and New York broke down, are mere details. What happened on October 19 was not just the end of a five-year bull market in stocks, but the end of a 15-year speculative era.

What happened in those 15 years, in a nutshell, is this: Persistent inflationary policies in the Sixties ultimately broke the Bretton Woods agreement, which had tied the dollar to gold and fixed exchange rates. In the Seventies, with inflationary pressures continuing and the dollar no longer tied to gold, commodity prices rose sharply (including the two "oil shocks"), and bonds entered a sustained bear market. Henry Kaufman became Wall Street's premier economist by always saying interest rates would rise and usually being right. When it became an incontrovertible fact that a long-term government bond could lose 30 per cent of its market value in the course of a year, it was obvious that there were no secure investments any more. If a government bond could plummet, why not own a junk bond, a bond future, a common stock, or anything else? Every savings & loan in the country was near bankruptcy and grabbing at a chance of extraordinary returns. People became accustomed to interest-rate volatility and ready to trade. The speculative era had begun.

In the early Eighties, the investment climate improved considerably. Paul Volcker had made the Federal Reserve a credible inflation fighter. Ronald Reagan cut taxes and relaxed the government's opposition to business. With the socialist European states stagnant and Japan a physically small island, the United States was clearly the most desirable place in the world to invest. The dollar soared and the bull market was under way. The corollary to the world's wanting to invest here is a U.S. trade deficit in goods and services, since the only way for the rest of the world to get dollars to invest here is for it to export more than it imports.

Unfortunately, a significant portion of the investment money that should have gone into primary investment—plant, equipment, R&D—went to purchase financial assets instead. In the speculative era, almost any financial transaction was feasible. Junk bonds issued to take over existing companies were readily marketable. Stocks went straight up. That this happened is not all that surprising. From the supply side, Wall Street was prepared to sell mergers, acquisitions, and restructurings; from the demand side, speculating in and rearranging existing assets often appears easier and safer than new investment. Those frugal, hard-working Japanese, whom Americans are supposed to emulate, were and are the worst culprits. It is the loyal, long-range-thinking Japanese, not short-sighted Harvard MBAs after a quick buck, who have bid up the market value of Nippon Telephone & Telegraph to over $300 billion—more than the combined market value of AT&T, IBM, GM, and Exxon, each of which earns more and pays more in dividends.

By the end of 1986 this situation had changed dramatically. The world was still content to run a trade surplus with the U.S., but on the other side of the equation it was tired of investing here. Foreigners had lent us as much money as they were comfortable doing. Private foreign individuals and corporations stopped re-investing their trade surplus here, and central banks stepped in. The political situation had deteriorated dramatically as well. Reagan's power declined. Protectionism reared its ugly head. The leading Republican presidential contenders were an uncharismatic Vice President whose last memorable statement had been to call the Reagan program "voodoo economics" and a legislative compromiser known in some circles as the Great Revenue Enhancer.

If you are a free-market sentimentalist, you would say that these extraordinarily uncertain times created extraordinary risks and volatility, which led to demand for all the new kinds of securities and all the new markets and products for transferring risk. The internationalization of financial markets further increased this demand. And so Wall Street was helping the world cope efficiently with new and changing circumstances.

This formulation is at most half true. To begin with, all time periods are uncertain, and it is not absolutely clear that the recently ended period was inherently more so than most. Furthermore, financial innovation cannot reduce the total amount of risk and uncertainty in the system, but merely shifts risk among the participants. What is certain is that all the speculative new products have been aggressively marketed: aggressive supply did its share to increase

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the demand for these products. The increase in speculation by itself increased financial uncertainty, fueling the cycle.

For the most part, though, everyone was happy. For the thousands of people in the financial community with no unusual talent being paid ten times what they could earn in any other field, the situation could not have been better. For investors and traders the opportunities seemed equally clear. Toward the end, volatility was a little frightening and valuations were a little stretched, but rewards must have appeared more than commensurate with the risks. There could be no harm in speculation. In fact, owning stocks, mutual funds, options, or futures could hardly be considered speculative.

If Drexel Burnham praised my creditworthiness, and if my note traded at ever-rising prices, pretty soon my note would look less and less like what it really was, and more and more like money

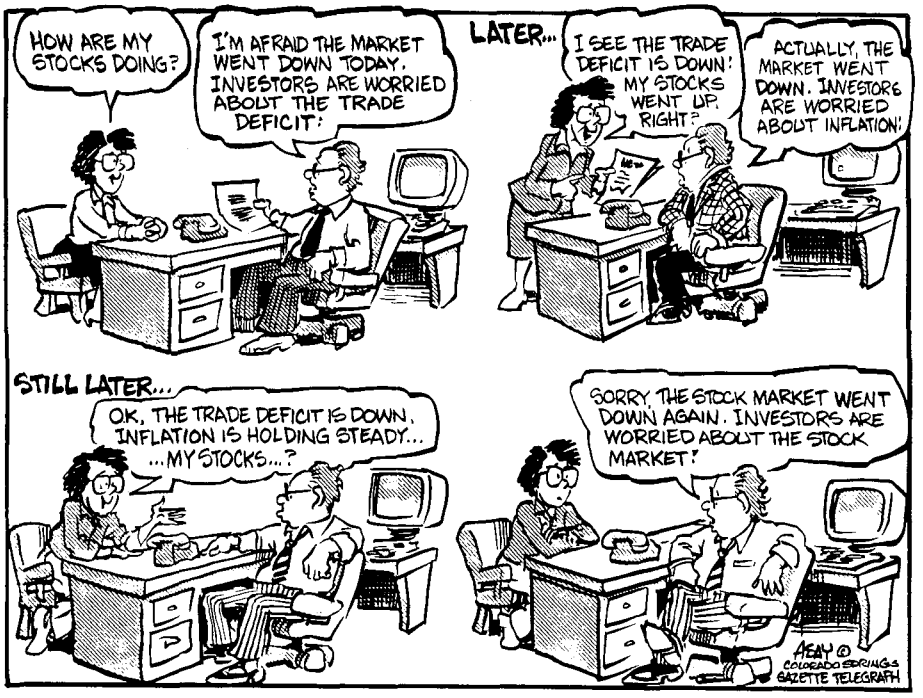
To classify an era as "speculative" is of course somewhat arbitrary. A degree of speculation obviously occurs at all times in all markets, and there is no clear line that divides speculation as a natural part of markets from speculation as dominant and systemic. With that caveat aside, the past 15 years were a remarkable period. When one looks back from 1970 to 1900, the financial markets changed remarkably little. Stock ownership became less concentrated, and wealthy individuals were superseded by large institutional investors. Trusts became conglomerates. Manipulation and ordinary fraud were probably somewhat reduced by the Securities and Exchange Commission, created in 1934. But basically there were stocks and there were bonds; stocks were more risky, more volatile, and promised higher long-term returns.

Someone standing at 1970 and looking back would have seen little difference. But if instead he had been able to look forward, he would have found the financial markets of today simply unrecognizable. Every product is new: exchange-traded stock options and futures, currency futures, bond futures, Eurodollar futures, and every conceivable kind of debt instrument—new-issue junk bonds, mortgage-backed securities, zero-coupon bonds, and more. For most of this period, bonds were more volatile than stocks.

A speculative surge requires three related things: 1) a steady expansion of debt and liquidity; 2) an accepted, easy, and visible system of trading assets; and 3) disjunction from reality. The first is necessary since in order for the price of an asset to rise it must be bought and paid for with something. The second is necessary because anyone can create an asset, but nowadays only the government prints money, the official medium of exchange. If I promise to pay you $1 million in five years, I have created both a liability, my obligation to pay you, and an asset, the promissory note that you hold. But if you later decide that you don't think much of my promise to pay, then you will need a market where you can trade my note for some other asset more to your liking. The acceptance and visibility of a market lends credence to the value of the assets being traded. The third factor, disjunction from reality, is necessary to attain and maintain unrealistically high prices. You may have discovered that I am a worthless deadbeat who would never make good on a promise to pay, and therefore you would take anything anyone would give you in trade. But if Drexel Burnham praised my creditworthiness, and if my note traded at ever-rising prices, pretty soon my note would look less and less like what it really was, and more and more like money. Of course, all three factors reinforce one another.

By the end of 1986 the first pre-condition of a speculative surge, the steady expansion of credit, was well on its way to being removed as foreign individuals and corporations ceased being willing to increase their dollar holdings and lend us back the money we paid them for their exports. But factors two and three were as strong as ever, and the bull market continued for almost another year. The crash was the first step in removing factors two and three.

The crash changed everything for both the losers and the winners. Winners had to worry about getting their money out of the system, and it did not require much imagination for a winner to see himself as a loser next time. Before the crash there was enormous pressure on professional money managers and securities-industry executives to commit resources to trading in all the different markets. It was not difficult to persuade the head of a regional brokerage house that the firm should trade for its own account in risk arbitrage, for example—after all, everyone else had been making money that way for five


HOW ARE MY STOCKS DOING?
I'M AFRAID THE MARKET WENT DOWN TODAY. INVESTORS ARE WORRIED ABOUT THE TRADE DEFICIT.
LATER...
I SEE THE TRADE DEFICIT IS DOWN! MY STOCKS WENT UP. RIGHT?
ACTUALLY, THE MARKET WENT DOWN. INVESTORS ARE WORRIED ABOUT INFLATION!
STILL LATER...
OK, THE TRADE DEFICIT IS DOWN. INFLATION IS HOLDING STEADY... ...MY STOCKS...?
SORRY, THE STOCK MARKET WENT DOWN AGAIN. INVESTORS ARE WORRIED ABOUT THE STOCK MARKET!
ASAY © COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

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Dress for success.

It has thousands of
separate parts.
But you put it on
one leg at a time.
After all, it's the
business suit of the future.
We just have to build the office.

The companies of
United Technologies
are working together to
develop technology for the
Space Station. Life-support
systems from Hamilton
Standard, propulsion from
Space Transportation
Systems, advanced
materials from Sikorsky,
and inspiration from above.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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years. Since October 19, all such pressure can be deflected with a single question: What if there is another market crash?

At the most speculative end of the business, the change is unmistakable. Volume in index futures and options is down about 50 per cent. Takeover entrepreneurs like T. Boone Pickens and Irwin Jacobs have not consummated a single successful transaction since the crash. All along Wall Street, firms are disbanding entire departments and ceasing to trade in certain markets. And the volume is not likely to return any time soon. A man who lost a lifetime of savings in a few hours' trading in index products does not forget in a week, a month, or a year. An entire cycle will have to pass before a disbanded department could be brought back.

ECONOMIC CHANGE is seldom smooth and painless. The transition from the speculative era back to a new era characterized by investment, production, and stability will be traumatic in the extreme. A worldwide depression is very possible. Why is this so? And how can we tell that the speculative era is over?

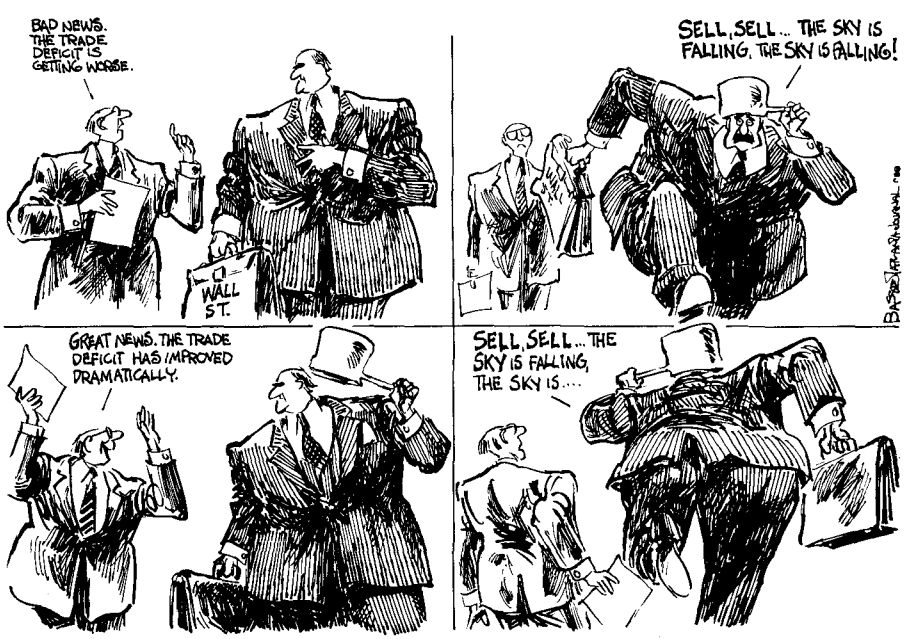
To understand the current danger, it is necessary to understand the peculiar nature of the speculative era. As I said, the essential characteristic of this period was a relentless surge in the total amount of debt in the system and the steady expansion of what passed as acceptable collateral. The five-year bull market was very much related to the expansion of debt, but not, as in 1929, through individuals' buying stocks on credit. This time, a wave of takeovers, leveraged buyouts, and corporate restructurings almost universally replaced equity with debt. As long as willing lenders exist, excess breeds excess and success.

The chain would go something like this: A collection of near-bankrupt savings & loans lends a corporate raider $3 billion to buy a company that previously had a market value of $2 billion. The raider eliminates all discretionary spending (the cuts may be worth while or ultimately suicidal—it does not really matter) and is able to negotiate some union concessions under threats of plant closings. The raider now divides the company into three pieces and sells each of them for $1.1 billion to a new group of people backed by a new set of lenders. The original group of lenders has been repaid, justifying their initial loan; the raider has a profit of $300 million, justifying the $1-billion premium he paid for the company; the new lenders (some of them may even be part of the original group) are confident, because they are lending only 10 per cent more than was successfully lent before the cost cutting and union concessions. Meanwhile, securities analysts and money managers, seeing that a raider has just paid $3 billion for a $2-billion company and sold it for $3.3 billion, start to believe that one or two or ten similar $2-billion companies are really worth $3.3 billion. And stocks go from 700 to 2700. Debt to finance corporate acquisitions and restructurings was instrumental in increasing valuations for all companies.

There is a debate among economists as to whether corporate restructuring increases efficiency. The answer, though important in discussing certain policy questions, is not relevant to the success or failure of the participants. In a period of generally increasing valuations and easy financing, almost all leveraging is profitable. And in the opposite sort of period, almost all leveraging is unprofitable. The perceived desirability of debt and its steady expansion are the driving forces behind most shifts and surges in asset prices, whether the assets are commercial real estate, oil and gas drilling rights, farmland, or corporate America. When credit dries up, asset prices spiral down. All but a few of the very best or perhaps luckiest operators are ruined. The impact of forced sales on both prices and the economic psyche lingers for an extended period of time. Look at the farm belt; look at Texas.

ON A FUNDAMENTAL LEVEL, every time you read about central-bank intervention in the currency markets you are reading about the end of the speculative era. What intervention to shore up currency means is that not only does a holder of dollars—whether an American, or a Japanese exporter—not want to invest the money in American capital markets, but also that no other private individual or company is willing to step in. That the world has lost its willingness to hold dollars is most evident in the money-supply figures for the U.S., West Germany, and Japan. In the past year, while the price of dollars has declined steadily against the yen and the mark, the U.S. money supply has declined in real terms, while the money supplies of West Germany and Japan are growing at close to 10 per cent.

With foreigners unwilling to invest in the United States, the trade deficit must go to zero, since trade is the opposite side of the capital equation. This is in fact happening and happening in the only way it could—trade is shrinking. As a practical matter there are very real limits to how much U.S. exports can expand. First of all, while it


BAD NEWS. THE TRADE DEFICIT IS GETTING WORSE.
WALL ST.
SELL, SELL... THE SKY IS FALLING. THE SKY IS FALLING!
GREAT NEWS. THE TRADE DEFICIT HAS IMPROVED DRAMATICALLY.
SELL, SELL... THE SKY IS FALLING, THE SKY IS....

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will make all the difference in the world to a substantial Taiwanese company how much it can sell here, it makes very little difference to most large American companies how much they sell in Taiwan. It is relatively easier for foreign companies to sell here than for American companies to sell overseas, if only because our market is so much bigger. And American export companies are already operating at very nearly full capacity. So imports must decline; in fact, in volume terms imports have been going down almost every month. The dollar is declining to the point where many imported goods are priced out of the market.

Contracting trade and a contracting supply of credit can only result in a contraction in real economic growth. The record level of debt will exacerbate any economic downturn, as corporate and personal bankruptcies soar.

At the end of the longest peacetime expansion in memory, when debt might normally have been reduced, the amount of debt at all levels, corporate, government, and personal, is at a record high

Milton Friedman says the Great Depression was caused by the Federal Reserve's tightening credit conditions after the crash. Jude Wanniski says the Depression was caused by the Smoot-Hawley tariff and the implosion of world trade. And so the Federal Reserve Board is in a position to be accused of causing the next depression no matter what policy it pursues. If the Fed tightens credit in the face of an already declining money supply and in the aftermath of a stock-market crash, monetarists will be ready with their comparisons to the Thirties. If the Fed loosens credit in the face of a steadily falling dollar, supply-siders will call devaluation—with its effects on trade—the Smoot-Hawley of the Eighties.

AT THE END of the longest peacetime expansion in memory, a time in which debt might normally have been reduced, the amount of debt at all levels, corporate, government, and personal, is at a record high, judged by whatever standard you choose. In 1981 total debt, public and private, amounted to roughly 150 per cent of GNP; today the figure is about 225 per cent of GNP. Suppose for the sake of argument that people now wish to return to the debt levels of seven years ago and that the next seven years reverse the relative debt creation of the previous seven. If this should happen, then debt reduction will be the strongest force in the economy by a huge margin. Changing the current federal deficit to a surplus of equal magnitude would accomplish only a third of the annual debt reduction required. Except as they affect the overall level of debt that people will accept, variations in the rate of economic growth are irrelevant, fiscal policy is irrelevant, tax cuts are irrelevant.

A year ago I looked at the financial markets and saw futures dominating equities and professional traders and brokers dominating (through intermarket front-running, the practice of executing a transaction as principal on, say, a futures exchange ahead of executing another transaction as agent on another exchange) and abusing the investment community. I concluded, in the article which appeared in these pages after the crash, that these were manifestations of a speculative bubble that would at some point have to burst. Looking at the markets today there is ample evidence that this has in fact happened.

It would be wrong to disparage all of the economic activity and growth of the Eighties as a speculative bubble. The decade had some remarkable achievements: the personal computer was launched and continually improved; our ability to process information took quantum leaps at all levels; genetically engineered drugs are now being brought to market; and, undoubtedly, incremental advances were made in all the ordinary areas of low-tech production. But for each Apple Computer there are several Phillips Petroleums—fundamentally the same company, in the same business, under the same management, at the end of the decade as at the beginning, but now leveraged to the hilt and probably financially unstable.

There appears to be an emerging consensus that the crash was an accident, a computer error. It is acknowledged, though not explained, that stocks were overvalued. And from an overvalued state a normal, natural, healthy correction was turned into a rout by program trading and a breakdown between futures and equities. Make some technical corrections, increase margin requirements in some places, modify clearing procedures, outlaw the abusive practice of front-running, and insert co-ordinated "circuit-breakers," and there will not be another crash. While the theory allows for orderly corrections as in the past, presumably stocks would basically once again go straight up.

The consensus view is consistent with both the approach and the general conclusions of the Brady commission: Investigate all the particulars of the crash (Who sold to whom and why? Who bought and who refrained from buying and why?), and then fiddle with the rules. There are just two things that the consensus view lacks: plausibility and context.

To view the crash as an aberration is to deny that it had any significance. It is of course logically possible that historical price movements can no longer be used to explain current economic conditions or predict the future, but, in the past, most of the times that the stock market made noise it was actually saying something. Before last October's crash, the Dow Jones industrial average had declined by more than 30 per cent 11 times, and in 11 out of 11 cases a serious recession followed. If the structure and practices of our financial institutions are not viewed as part of a very speculative environment that had grown over a number of years, then how and why did an overvalued, unstable, volatile market arise?

If my interpretation of recent economic history is correct, then, before investment and growth can re-emerge, credit, trade, and the overall economy will all contract. Stock prices will drop again as they did after April 1930. The government could easily make matters worse, but will be unable to legislate uninterrupted prosperity. The early Nineties may well look something like the early Thirties. In that case, the best that the readers of *NR* can hope for is that this time Michael Dukakis will play the role of Herbert Hoover, and Jack Kemp can play FDR. □

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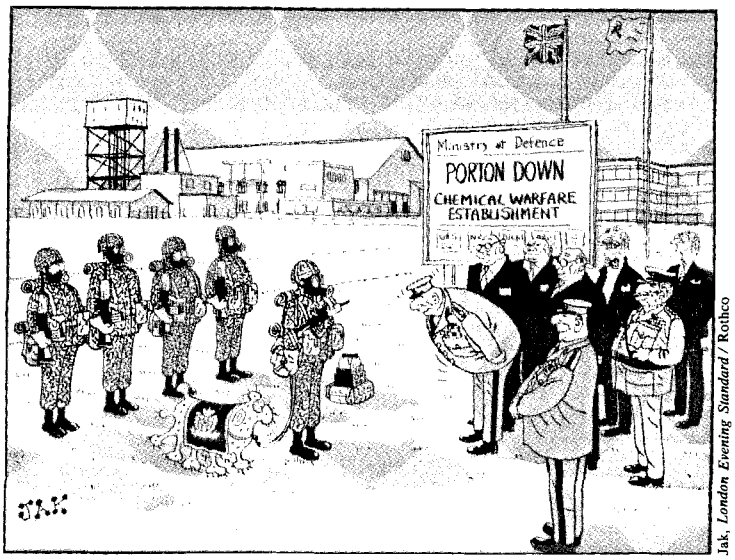
help !!!!



Jak, *London Evening Standard* / Rothco

"Spot? That's a nice name for a mascot."

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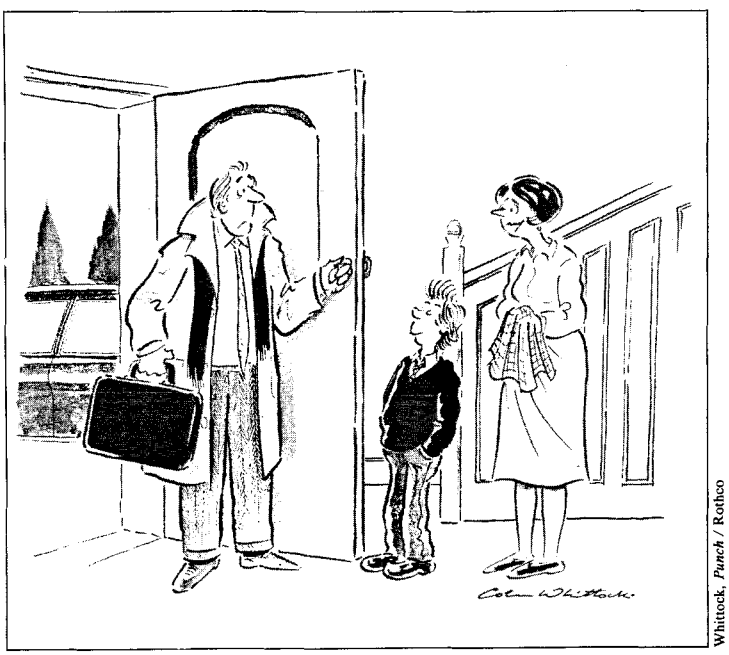
The Manchurian Candidate

As Moscow's Summit casts a glow
On Ron and Nancy, and the show
Approaches its climactic scene,
How fitting that the silver screen
Should resurrect a Fifties view.
It's at a theater near you.

W. H. von Dreele

Harris, *Punch* / Rothco



Whittock, *Punch* / Rothco

"Guess who's been made condom monitor!"

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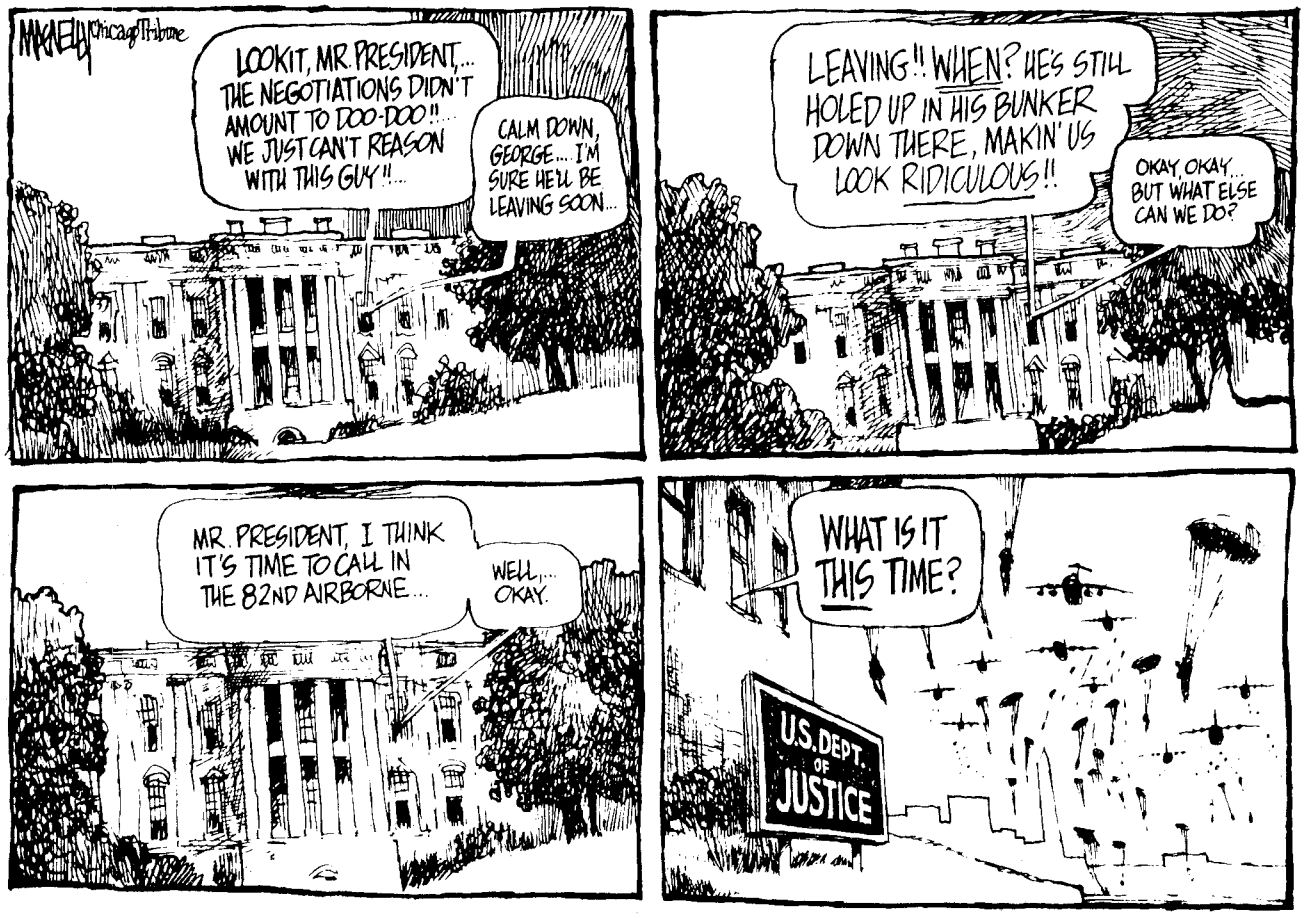
CHRYSLER IS FIRST U.S. AUTOMAKER TO OFFER AN AIRBAG AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
LOOKIT, MR. PRESIDENT,... THE NEGOTIATIONS DIDN'T AMOUNT TO DOO-DOO!! WE JUST CAN'T REASON WITH THIS GUY!!...
CALM DOWN, GEORGE... I'M SURE HE'LL BE LEAVING SOON...
LEAVING!! WHEN? HE'S STILL HOLED UP IN HIS BUNKER DOWN THERE, MAKIN' US LOOK RIDICULOUS!!
OKAY, OKAY... BUT WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?
MR. PRESIDENT, I THINK IT'S TIME TO CALL IN THE 82ND AIRBORNE...
WELL,... OKAY.
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

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THE FORGOTTEN RIGHT OF PRIVACY

THE STORY OF private property and the economists is a peculiar one, and as far as I know it has never been told. The truth is that economics as we understand it today really cannot "work" unless it is based on the solid rock of private property. To understand why, try to imagine playing a game of poker with Monopoly money. You are dealt a good hand and you raise the stakes. You are dealt a poor hand and . . . what incentive do you have *not* to raise the stakes? It's not your money because it isn't even money. Therefore, you don't mind losing it. And so, to a real poker player, the game does not work.

A very similar problem exists in socialist economies—from which private property has been banished by definition. The bureaucrats and planners who supposedly organize such economies are working at all times with "play" money because it is not theirs to lose. In the allocation of resources, they are subjected to politically generated pressure (the military must get first crack at whatever is produced; the price of bread for the proles cannot be raised), and such pressure will always take precedence over economic considerations: a socialist system is designed with just that end in mind.

Private property is fundamental to economics for the simple reason that the exchange of goods is the most basic economic "act." But a good cannot be exchanged if it is not owned to begin with. I cannot exchange a park bench for something that I want if I do not own the bench; and if no one owns the bench no one can exchange it. For this reason socialist goods (i.e., most goods in a socialist country such as the Soviet Union) are movable only by command—not by voluntary exchange. For decades, many economists have tried to sustain the pretense that goods can be moved about just as efficiently by central command as by voluntary exchange, but the effort now under way in almost all socialist economies to decentralize decision-making belies this claim. Left-wing economists in the West may still believe in central planning, but Mikhail Gorbachev knows otherwise.

The curious thing is that economists, while divided on the question whether private property is essential, are largely united in avoiding discussion of the subject. Some, it seems, think it too obvious to mention; others think it too odious to mention; either way it has remained unmentionable.

Some economists, of course, have all along remained sympathetic to the socialist position; they want to believe that things will work better without private property, but they don't want to be too explicit about their creed in an age of failing socialist economies. Others recognize the essential nature of property but (in deference to their still-numerous leftist colleagues, I suspect) don't want to make too much fuss about it. Many more in the tenured ranks of the professoriate wish only to be left alone as they play at math with their tiny data sets. Still others, faithfully reflecting the physics envy that has stupefied the profession for decades, will regard any mention of private property as a gauche effort to get them out of the lab and into the pulpit. They're still looking for the laws of economic motion, they'll let you know, and will not accept your invitation to philosophize.

Alan Blinder, a professor of economics at Princeton University, and the author most recently of *Hard Heads, Soft Hearts: Tough-Minded Economics for a Just Society* (which does not discuss property), is among those who believe that the need for property is almost too obvious to mention. If the topic is neglected by economists, he told me, "it's because it's axiomatic." By way of analogy, he suggested, "we don't think about the act of breathing very much." His point was that, if in a given country the air were removed and breathing stopped, the economy wouldn't work very well either: everyone would be dead. Nonetheless, economics texts don't start out with a discussion of oxygen and nitrogen as essential economic prerequisites.

The Oxygen-Free Society

BEGINNING in the nineteenth century, however, a group of economists called socialists argued with great vehemence that economies *would* work better without private property. "The theory of the Communists may be summarized in the single sentence: Abolition of private property!" Marx and Engels proclaimed in *The Communist Manifesto*. Since this was comparable to saying that things would work better without air, in the Blinder analogy, it surely ought to have occurred to the economics profession to resolve the question once and for all: Does economics work better with private property, or without it? By and large, however, economists have declined to address the question.

In his economics textbook, co-authored with William J. Baumol, *Economics: Principles and Policy* (third edition, 1985), Blinder takes this approach. The index includes one reference to "property rights," on page 539 of a nine-hundred-page book. I hasten to add that it is in this respect typical of most economics texts currently on the market. (An exception is James Gwartney and Richard Stroup's *Economics: Private and Public Choice.*) Economic systems "grow, adapt, and evolve," Baumol and Blinder write, some countries preferring to do things one way, others another. "Should industry be privately or publicly owned?" They even-handedly reply that "there are arguments on both sides." Indeed, the economic competition between the United States and the

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Soviet Union "has captured the attention of the world for decades."

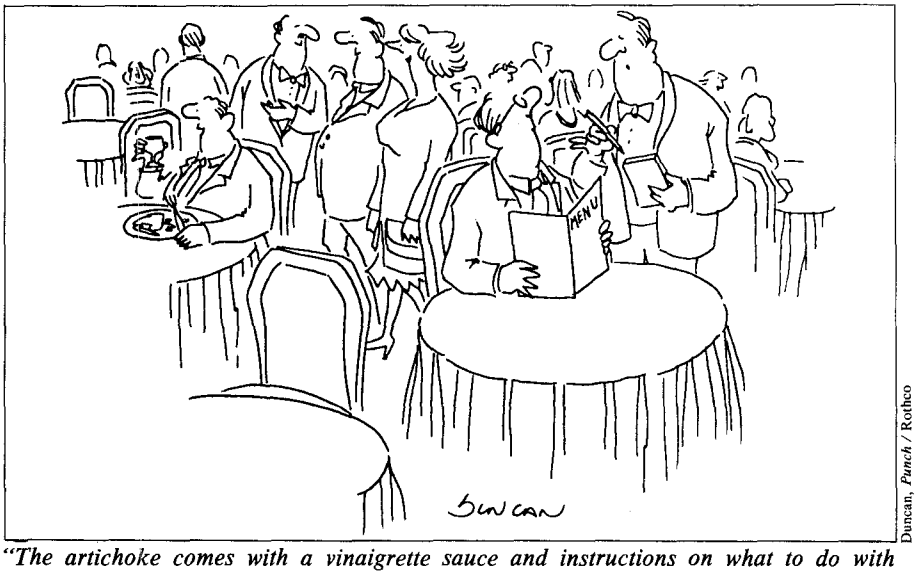
Central planning admittedly involves "coercion," they allow, but then we have some of that too in the United States. We don't sell liquor to minors, for example, or allow factories in residential neighborhoods. And we have coercive taxation. So, "the real question is not *whether* we want to allow elements of socialism or planning to abridge our personal freedoms, but by *how much*."

As for the relative performance of the free-market and socialist systems, Baumol and Blinder include a bar chart, "Ratio of Russian Real GNP to U.S. Real GNP," which unmistakably shows the Soviets slowly but steadily gaining on us since World War II. "As the chart shows," the authors write, "the Soviet/U.S. GNP ratio resumed its upward climb in the late 1960s and by 1975 had reached 53 per cent—owing in part to another serious recession in the United States. The ratio was about the same in 1982."

Paul Samuelson, the 1970 Nobel Prize winner and author of the best-selling economics textbook since World War II, likewise included in successive editions of his *Economics* a graph of relative growth rates for the U.S. and Soviet economies, with a more steeply rising mean growth path for the Soviets. Starting from a lower base, the Soviets nonetheless were projected to overtake us 25 years or so in the future. With each new edition of the book, the date of intersection with the U.S. economy was shifted out into the future. Samuelson's seventh edition (1967), for example, put the Soviet economy at 50 per cent of the U.S. economy in 1960, with growth paths showing a probable intersection point in about 1990. In a cautionary note, however, Samuelson warned that "from 1960 to 1967 it would appear that the United States has moved at the very top of its range," while the USSR, "because of bad weather and crops and shortening of the work week, may have moved at the bottom of her projected range."

By the tenth edition (1976), nonetheless, the Soviet GNP had moved ahead to 57 per cent of the U.S. economy. The Soviets had narrowed the gap—despite bad weather and long weekends. The seventh-edition graph was reproduced exactly, although updated along the time axis, this time showing a probable intersection point around the year 2000. The graph has been dropped from Samuelson's latest (12th) edition, co-authored with William Nordhaus.

One wonders when the economics profession will stop taking Soviet GNP statistics at face value. The truth is, as some visiting journalists pointed out at the time of the recent Moscow Summit, the Soviet Union is little more than a well-armed Third World country. No one on the Left has wanted to say the obvious—that Soviet GNP figures, for years put out by the CIA, showed their maximum growth rates at a time when the agency was interested in maximizing the Soviet threat, thereby creating a rationale for increased U.S. defense spending. In 1958, CIA director Allen Dulles claimed that the Soviet economy was, and for most of the Fifties had been, growing at an annual rate in excess of 9 per cent. "It is clear enough that however optimistic we make the assumptions," Robert W. Campbell echoed in *Soviet Economic Power* (1960), "the Soviet rate of growth of industrial output is far above ours."



Duncan, *Punch* / Rothco

"The artichoke comes with a vinaigrette sauce and instructions on what to do with it, sir."

'It Works'

DESCRIBING the Soviet economy in 1968, *Look*'s European editor, Leonard Gross, wrote: "It works. Most Soviet citizens think they have a good thing going for them." The same nonsense was published time and time again, especially in the decade following the launch of Sputnik. Perhaps not until Hedrick Smith's book *The Russians* came out in 1975 was skepticism about Soviet economic performance introduced into the mainstream of public opinion.

Samuelson, incidentally, is another major economist who has had very little to say about private property. His textbook includes a few neutral sentences on the topic. ("By and large, private individuals own the tools of production in our capitalistic system. What is the exception in our system—government ownership of the means of production—is the rule in a socialized state, where productive property is collectively owned.")

Recently I phoned Professor Samuelson at MIT and asked him if he did not think that private property was vitally important to economics. His immediate reaction was: "Have you talked to people like Armen Alchian?" (Alchian is the author of one of two articles on property rights in the 1987 *New Palgrave Dictionary of Economics*, an emeritus professor at UCLA, and the co-author of *University Economics*, which really does ascribe a central economic role to private property.)

Samuelson told me that he was busy with preparations for an approaching conference. I asked him if he nonetheless had any stray thoughts on the subject of property. "Well, I don't like to do things just off the top of my head," he said, "because I like to think carefully on what my views are and how I express them. I just don't have the time to do that."

One need not conclude that the failure to discuss private property en-

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tails ideological hostility to it. Samuelson's fellow Nobelist, Milton Friedman, has also written practically nothing about the subject. Nonetheless he is a strong advocate of it. "You can't have a free society without private property," he told me recently. "In fact, you can't have any kind of a society without private property." He said he had not written about it because it was not his field of specialization. When I asked him if he thought of property as logically antecedent to economics, and therefore not properly a part of the discipline, he replied: "I'm a materialist and I don't think anything is outside of economics."

Economists on the Left, by contrast, can hardly be expected to emphasize a mode of economic organization that they do not believe in. Robert Solow of MIT—the 1987 winner of the Nobel Prize in economics, and Alan Blinder's teacher—told Oxford students in 1968 that "Marxism made pseudo-science of one insight that Proudhon had, namely that property is theft. Locke saw the institution of private property as a great thing because it was a way of protecting private citizens against the encroachment of aristocratic power. There is still a lot of value to that. The danger of socialism is the concentration of political and economic power in the same hands. Nevertheless, I still believe the institution of private property has to keep proving itself."

The Swiss Connection

ANOTHER MAN of the Left, John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, has rarely addressed the topic of private property explicitly. But his most recent book, *Economics in Perspective*, is an exception, containing a few pages in which he traces the institution of property back to the Romans. "No institution in the nonsocialist world has rivaled in its importance private property and its use and pursuit," Galbraith writes, and "no institution has been so productive of social, economic, or political discord. The conservative in the nonsocialist economy stands with unthinking eloquence for 'the rights of private property,' while those on the social Left—liberals in American parlance—cautiously but contentiously assert the higher claims of the state or the public interest."

In a phone conversation, Professor Galbraith told me that he thought markets were essential to all economies. "You have to have some system that rewards the person who is more efficient," he said, adding that "the Russians are moving in that direction and so are the Chinese." But he believed that markets were consistent with state ownership of the means of production, by way of illustration praising the efficiency of nationalized transportation in Switzerland. He pooh-poohed the problem of socialist pricing, saying that the same problem existed for General Motors and General Electric.

Interestingly, the economists of the classical period likewise had very little to say about private property and its relationship to "political economy," as it was then called. Adam Smith has only a few sentences on the topic in *The Wealth of Nations*—and they are mostly relegated to Book V. There he observes that the owner of valuable property, perhaps acquired through the labor of "many successive generations," is surrounded by "unknown enemies" from whose depredations he can be protected "only by the powerful arm of the civil magistrate." Thus property must be protected by government if it is to be accumulated in the first place.

In his 1762-63 *Lectures on Jurisprudence* (not published until 1978), Smith began with the observation that "the first and chief design of every system of government is to guarantee justice: to prevent the members of a society from encroaching on one another's property, or seizing what is not their own. The design here is to give each one the secure and peacable possession of his own property."

Such comments leave no doubt that Smith believed the protection of private property to be of the first importance. But he neglected it in *The Wealth of Nations* because at the time there was no controversy about the role of property in "political economy." As John Chamberlain says in *The Roots of Capitalism*, Adam Smith thought of property as "anterior to economics as such."

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The same holds for David Ricardo. In his formal treatise, *The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* (1817), there is no discussion of private property. Elsewhere, however, we find the unequivocal claim by Ricardo that "the rights of property should be held sacred." In 1818 he wrote an article, published posthumously in *The Scotsman* in 1824, arguing against those who feared the enfranchised poor would vote themselves the property of the rich; for "the man of small income must be aware how little his share would be if all the large fortunes in the kingdom were equally divided among the people. He must know that the little he would obtain by such a division could be no adequate compensation for the overturning of a principle which renders the produce of his industry secure."

Ricardo added that "the quantity of employment in the country" must above all depend "on the conviction of each capitalist that he will be allowed to enjoy unmolested the fruits of his capital, his skill, and his enterprise." Ricardo's economic analysis was correct, of course. What he did not foresee was that it was not so much the poor who would be eager to redistribute the property of the rich as it would be a power-hungry stratum of the middle class, eager to restore a society based on status rather than contract, with the aristocratic role now played by the redistributors of wealth rather than the inheritors of it.

The assault on property (and therefore the need to defend it) did not begin in earnest until the middle of the nineteenth century. How did the economists respond to this?

Here we must turn to John Stuart Mill's *Principles of Political Economy* (first edition, 1848, ninth edition, 1885). Almost alone among the major works setting forth economic principles written since the time of Adam Smith, this book actually contains two chapters devoted to the topic of property. And they are of great interest. Mill's inclination was to disagree with those who claimed that under socialism people would be less industrious. Indeed, he foresaw Stakhanovite exertions, undertaken "for the sake of the admira-

(Continues on page 53)

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JAPAN'S ECONOMIC MESS

THE NOBEL committee has never given a prize for economics to a Japanese, and it's just as well: the committee would probably give it to the wrong man. The West usually attributes Japan's economic success to large-scale government directives and whiz-bang "industrial policies" that, with a few significant exceptions, have contributed little to Japan's economic growth. For Japan actually has two economies. One, the internationalized manufacturing economy, is one of the freest and most productive in the world. The other, Japan's domestic economy, is a mess.

Japan's manufacturing sector has exploded since the 1950s, largely because Japan abandoned interventionist government policies in favor of free-market principles. This revolution in the *Zeitgeist* occurred largely through the efforts of Professor Ryutaro Komiya of the University of Tokyo, a conservative economist little known in the West. No advocate of the free market has been so successful since Adam Smith.

When Komiya and his teacher Ryuichiro Tachi published *Economic Policy Analysis (Keizai Seisaku no Riron*, Tokyo, 1964), they acknowledged a debt to Henry Simons and Milton Friedman, and to the theoretical work of Paul Samuelson. But while Western economists laid the groundwork, no Western free-market economist has had the impact on his own country's economy that Komiya has had on Japan's: he has transformed the consciousness of the entire Japanese establishment, largely because, unlike his Western mentors, Komiya did not attack government bureaucrats head-on. He described the proper role of government in the economy and never hinted that government officials were somehow less intrinsically virtuous than businessmen:

> Modern economic management for full employment, economic growth, and price stabilization would be impossible without discretionary fiscal and monetary policies, a tax system centering around a social-security system and a progressive income tax, government public works, and an anti-monopoly law. . . . [But] we think that while the government is carrying out these policies, government's direct, self-indulgent interference in the economy simply needs to be expelled and competition freed so the price mechanism can have vitality as the basis for a modern "mixed economy."

It is significant that bureaucrats in Japan's Finance Ministry became some of Komiya's most enthusiastic followers. Rigorous economic analysis inevitably gives dedicated bureaucrats—especially those who review budgets—the tools they need to evaluate government actions and veto bad projects. In essence, Komiya assumes that some government officials are interested in aiding their country by promoting a vigorous, healthy economy. He shows them how they can use their territorial prerogatives in the service of that goal.

Compare that approach to the one adopted in, say, Milton and Rose Friedman's *Free to Choose*, which treats intragovernmental conflicts as if their very existence undermined the legitimacy of all government workers. "Congress set up a Department of Energy employing twenty thousand persons to promote conservation of energy. It also set up an Environmental Protection Agency employing 12,000 persons to issue regulations and orders, most of which require the use of more energy," say the Friedmans. "The situation would be ludicrous if it were not so serious." Such rhetoric can hardly appeal to the class of government workers whose efforts are essential to bringing government under control. In fact the free society the Friedmans envision requires some bureaucracies and therefore, inevitably, interagency bickering. Effluent charges to control pollution, for example, which the Friedmans recommend, would entail some government body: to decide the fees for each kind of pollutant, to determine the way effluents should be measured, and to enforce payments. And the Friedmans' whole system would collapse unless at least *some* of these bureaucrats were motivated by a genuine wish to do good by enforcing the charges effectively.

In Japan, the widespread acceptance of Komiya's free-market principles has intensified, not eliminated, interagency disputes. But now, many of these battles are between bureaucrats who want to promote Japan's economic vigor and those more concerned with promoting their own or their patrons' power. Largely in response to Komiya's teaching, the Japanese government sharply curtailed its intervention in the marketplace, reduced foreign-exchange control, gave banks more discretion in lending, and defeated a plan of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry to reorganize industries such as car manufacturing. Meanwhile, in the West, government intervention mushroomed.

KOMIYA'S *Economic Policy Analysis*, the key to the economic education of today's generation of Japanese officials, has yet to be published in English. According to Professor Kazuo Sato of Rutgers University, who edits the English-language journal *Japanese Economic Studies*, the Japanese are reluctant to translate works that were originally written to import foreign economic ideas. Thus the only Japanese voices Americans hear are the interventionist bureaucrats interviewed by the U.S. media, promoting nothing but misunderstanding abroad.

The irony is that all the successes of Japan's manufacturing economy have produced far less benefit for the Jap-

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anese—and significantly more annoyance for the rest of the world—than they should have, because the domestic economy is hamstrung by a vast network of regulations and special preferences designed to "protect" key voting blocs against all changes wrought by economic growth. Japan's leaders seem to care deeply about economic growth as a way to build Japan's prestige abroad and eliminate abject poverty at home, but they show little interest in raising the standard of living of ordinary Japanese.

In areas such as land use, agriculture, and rent control, where the Japanese government is aggressively interventionist, the results are horrible—prices like $50 for a cantaloupe and $70,000 per square foot for land in downtown Tokyo.

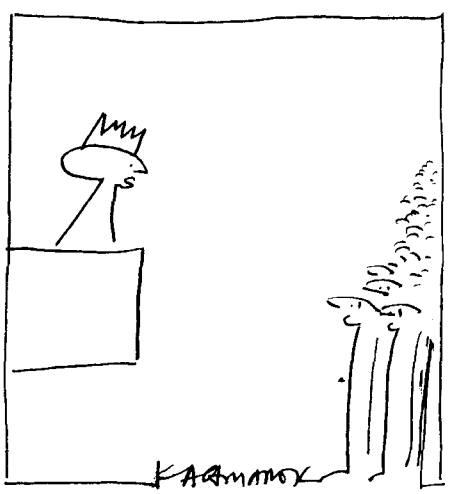
THE JAPANESE like to blame their high cost of living on Japan's population density. In fact, Japan is not as crowded as most people imagine. Her population density is below that of New Jersey or Rhode Island, and just slightly greater than that of Massachusetts. The Tokyo region, taken as a whole, is only marginally more densely populated than the New York area. Yet in Japan there is only one car for every 4.8 people, while in New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, the average is about one for every 1.7 people.

Japan's car-makers—like many foreign companies trying to sell in Japan—are victims of the government's hopelessly muddled effort to control the real-estate market. Japan not only protects the rice-farming industry from lower-priced imports (at great cost to the consumer), but also grants immense tax breaks for farm land. It taxes dilapidated old houses and apartment buildings only on their value in their current form, rather than on their much greater value as building sites. It enforces a strict rent-control law that makes redevelopment painfully difficult. And it shows a deep reluctance to use the principle of eminent domain to take land for new roads and high-speed railroads. Owners of farm land and run-down housing have no incentive to sell, especially as Japanese protectionism causes their land to increase in value faster than any other investment (50 per cent in the last year).

As a result, nominally affluent citizens must commute ninety minutes from work, to apartments inferior to those in the South Bronx. Housing within commuting distance of cities costs so much that consumer spending is limited by a simple factor: Japanese have no place to put new purchases. Japan's savings rate is famous, but few realize that the Japanese spend as much as Americans on things—like food, grooming, and entertainment—that take up little room in the house or on the street. And one reason the Japanese have been buying up real estate in America is that, until recently when the $500,000 price tag on condominiums has at last made it profitable to overcome barriers to development, Japanese have had little opportunity to invest their savings in Japan.

Meanwhile, the Japanese consumer's inability to buy much of anything, domestic or imported, painfully squeezes all the economies of the world. When American companies can't sell luxuries in Japan, the problem is rarely protectionism aimed at foreigners; for the most part it is government regulation designed to limit any challenge to the status quo.

So, even though the yen has risen to a level that makes U.S. goods highly competitive with Japanese ones, the average Japanese is unlikely to spend enough on foreign goods to eliminate Japan's trade surplus any time soon. The average Japanese will continue to live in a way that makes rural American poverty look opulent. The U.S. may run a trade deficit until the yen rises so high that Japan begins importing her TV sets from Indiana.



"What this kingdom needs is more ardent sufferers."

Today, Japan is finally recognizing how ridiculous her two-economy system is. But change won't be easy. The interests that Japan's domestic economy protects really are valuable. For example, Japan's religion, to the extent that she has any, is an agricultural one, and even Japanese who have not set foot in a shrine or temple for five years feel that farming, especially rice farming, represents the essence of what it is to be Japanese.

The U.S. may have no right to demand an immediate and unconditional halt to Japan's domestic special preferences. But America does have a right, indeed, an obligation, to rethink its approach to Japanese trade based on a realistic recognition of Japan's two economies. Currently, America's trade policy toward Japan is based on clichés. Sometimes Americans assume that Japan's trade surplus must be caused by discrimination against Yankees and that removing the discrimination would eliminate the surplus. At other times, Americans assume that the surplus must be a temporary aberration: that the Japanese will eventually spend more and the market will inevitably work everything out, perhaps with the help of a few interest-rate cuts or other steps to stimulate Japan's domestic economy.

Neither of these assumptions is true. Protectionism accounts for only a minuscule portion of Japan's trade surplus. On the other hand, the market by itself, given the sclerotic state of Japan's domestic economy, is likely to achieve only slow progress in eroding Japan's trade surplus, no matter how many stimulation programs the government launches under pressure from the United States. Before supply and demand end Japan's trade surplus, Japan could accumulate so many dollars that she would own half the United States. And the yen might rise so high that Japanese manufacturers would go bankrupt.

Japan's economy needs wide-ranging, structural changes, not lower interest rates or an extra dose of Keynesian-inspired government spending. The economic ideas that strengthened Japan's manufacturing sector were mostly old-fashioned free-market principles. Transferring those principles to the domestic economy, so that the Japanese can both enjoy their wealth and cease disrupting the international economy, is Japan's next great challenge. □

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WHAT THE BUTLERS SAW

Christopher Buckley

Speaking Out, by Larry Speakes, with Robert Pack (Scribner's, 322 pp., $19.95)

Behind the Scenes, by Michael K. Deaver, with Mickey Herskowitz (Morrow, 272 pp., $17.95)

For the Record: From Wall Street to Washington, by Donald T. Regan (Harcourt Brace, 416 pp., $21.95)

LARRY SPEAKES, the former White House spokesman and now former Merrill Lynch vice president, tells a story from his days as spokesman for James D. St. Clair, Nixon's Watergate lawyer. St. Clair was headed out the door on his way back to Boston when he turned to his staff of young assistants and said, "By the way, no books. Everything we've done here is privileged attorney-client material, and if any of you try [*sic*] to write a book, I'll have your law license!" Speakes tells the story without irony; but, then, if it's irony you want, you'd best go to the shelf of books written *by* someone, as opposed to *with* someone.

Michael Deaver's book, though also written *with* someone, hangs a little more loosely from the spine. There is gold to be mined here, but, as General Haig would say, let me caveat you on that: it costs a lot of sifting through somewhat dismal psychic terrain.

White House memoirists are unable to resist the old *How did a kid from Beaver Crotch, Idaho, end up in the Oval Office with all these people in dark suits?* Like most of this tribe, Speakes and Deaver give us a little too much information about their formative years in Beaver Crotch. The truth is that the public doesn't really care about all that. It wants to know what the butler saw, not about his first newspaper route.

So, what did these two see? Well, plenty, especially Mike Deaver, whom Pat Buchanan once dubbed the "Lord of the Chamber Pot." Deaver was, as he himself is the first to admit, not a substantive guy, and it is when he confines himself to details about the care and feeding of his beloved Ron and Nancy that this book is at its most ingenuous and charming.

But if you hang around the West Wing long enough, breathing in all that self-important air, sooner or later you get—ideas. Thus the Deaver we see in the first part of the book, battling with the President over the choice of a necktie or his use of Brylcreem, gradually begins advising him on things like foreign policy, becoming, as he puts it, a "moderating influence."

In one extraordinary passage, he takes credit for getting Reagan to tell Menachem Begin to stop the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon, even as the Israeli army was on the point of driving the PLO into the Mediterranean. Now, I don't know much more about the Middle East than Deaver, but I've heard a lot of smart people say that it was precisely that last-minute pullback that caused the present situation in Lebanon. Deaver was no doubt sincere in his repugnance over the mounting death toll. But how does he feel now about the chaos of Lebanon? Does he still take satisfaction from his "moderating influence"?

Still, Deaver gives us some wickedly good glimpses into life on the third floor of the White House, and some astonishing revelations into the bargain, such as this little pearl:

> In one of those quirks of politics, I remember sitting with Reagan at Pacific Palisades and mentioning Shultz as a prospective Secretary of State. Reagan went to the phone, called him, and said he would like to visit with him about coming back to Washington, as a member of the Cabinet. He never mentioned the title, and Shultz assumed he had Treasury in mind. When Reagan hung up the phone, he said to me, puzzled, that Shultz had "no interest" in returning to Washington. It was a misunderstanding, but before it ever got straightened out the job went to Al Haig.

Larry Speakes doesn't have anything quite to match that, not even his fatal two paragraphs about putting words in the presidential mouth that brought about his resignation from Merrill Lynch. But his book is not uninteresting. We learn that Shultz treats under-

Christopher Buckley, a former speechwriter for Vice President Bush, is the author of The White House Mess.

George Carey is a professor of government at Georgetown University.

James Gardner writes on the arts for Commentary, The New Criterion, *and* NR.

Jeffrey Meyers's latest book is Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle.

Lacey Washington is a freelance writer living in New York.

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lings badly. Weinberger was "always putting his foot in his mouth." Jeane Kirkpatrick was "cantankerous, ideological, and difficult to work with." Tip O'Neill is a liar. Jack Kemp "drove the President and the rest of us up a wall." Al D'Amato is an incessant "motormouth." Ollie North never once met with the President alone. In the wake of the Soviet shootdown of KAL 007, Strom Thurmond urged the President to return a numerically commensurate 269 KGB agents to the Soviet Union "dead or alive, either way."

SPEAKES AND Deaver are what the Scots call "wee men." Even when they stood tall, they cast pretty short shadows. The former Secretary of the Treasury and White House Chief of Staff is a different case. In the spring of 1985, just after Donald T. Regan had assumed his new position in the West Wing, one of his assistants, Tom Dawson, was invited to lunch by a group of reporters. His host was David Hoffman, a reporter for the *Washington Post*. After the pleasantries, Hoffman got down to business and told Dawson that he ought to get smart and start leaking. In return, he and the other new staffers would be guaranteed good press. He told Dawson that was why former White House Chief of Staff James Baker had gotten such favorable treatment.

Dawson reported the incident to his boss—who was not about to be intimidated. He dug in his heels and reinforced his absolute rule: no more leaks. He had been trained on Wall Street, where loose talk could land you in jail (at least theoretically). The second term would be run on the merits of substance, not press agentry.

When, two years later, Regan found himself in trouble during the Iran-Contra affair, he looked around and found he had no media parachute. When Dawson called Lou Cannon of the *Post* to complain about an allegedly inaccurate story involving the Tower Commission report, Cannon shrugged: "Maybe if you guys had played ball with us, things like this wouldn't have happened."

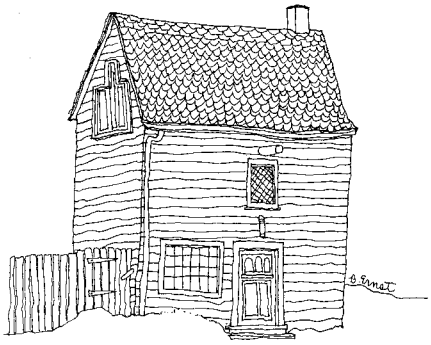
Now we have Regan's White House memoir, and the cover of *Time* looks a lot like the *National Enquirer*: EXCLUSIVE—ASTROLOGY IN THE WHITE HOUSE. It makes Deaver's memoir look like the soul of discretion.

Never having been a fan of Don Regan's—mainly because he always came across as such an ass in my daily *Post*—I was more than prepared to hate his book. I was surprised. I found it considered, thoughtful, honest, and, by gum, gracefully written, thanks to his collaborator, the novelist Charles McCarry, whom Regan graciously acknowledges. Much as I hate to disagree with all those fine, independent thinkers howling for Regan's widow's peak, his book is getting the bum's rush. The evil that White House memoirists commit ends up on the covers of magazines. The good is oft interred in their books.

Regan had two motives here. The first was revenge against Nancy Reagan, whose meddling in her husband's affairs he clearly resented. Regan is, for better or worse, a man's man. Women raise the children, men take care of business. Once Deaver left, it was almost written—in the stars?—that she and Regan were going to clash.

Regan's second motive is plain. He felt wronged, and apparently with some justification. He was cited by the Tower Commission as bearing "primary responsibility for the chaos that descended upon the White House" in the wake of the Iran-Contra revelations, a charge you will no doubt be surprised to hear he disputes. He says in the book's foreword that he could not have explained what happened without referring to the now famous "friend" of the First Lady.

Once Iran-Contra broke, it was essential that the President go public and state his case. Regan says he tried, desperately, to get him to do just that. Instead, the President was strangely silent, retreating to the Rose Garden. But now the reason for this Rose Garden strategy turns out to be that woman in San Francisco with her charts. Jupiter was out of whack or whatever and it just wasn't a good time for press conferences (they tried one; it didn't work out) or public appearances. Mrs. Reagan was adamant.



It was Don Regan who fought to prevent certain quarters from firing Bill Casey on his deathbed; he who rather touchingly lied to the old warrior, squeezing his hand and telling him that once he was recovered, the President wanted him back at his right hand, in Ed Meese's old job.

As a young president of Merrill Lynch, he strove to reform Wall Street, which in those days was, as he writes, "a cartel masquerading as a capitalist competitive system." As Secretary of the Treasury he held out against raising taxes when all the President's men were urging him to. Regan appears never to have forgotten his roots. He seems genuinely to sympathize with the working and middle classes. Thus he pushed for and, incredibly, got the most drastic reform of the tax code in this century, at a time when the idea was dismissed as unthinkable by all the wise men who lunch daily at the Metropolitan Club.

Finally, what about his portrait of Ronald Reagan?

It's unfortunate that the President has been thrown out the window with all the astrological bathwater, because a closer reading—or any reading, for that matter—of Regan's book presents a different picture entirely. The portrait of the President here is emphatically not that of a dotty old gramps wandering around the corridors of power in his PJs. On the contrary, he is a man with a grasp of basic economic issues, who does his homework nightly, who is tough as nails with Gorbachev, and who is supreme in his understanding of the American people.

Here too are the now familiar paradoxes: a President who, upon reading of a destitute family in the paper, takes out his checkbook, but whom Regan could never get to thank the little people in the White House, such as the redoubtable switchboard operators; who dislikes confrontations so much that at times he appears to give up something of his manhood.

Well, so what? We have no right to expect perfection in Presidents, and anyway we are sure as hell not going to get it. In an afterword in which Regan warns against a creeping, or already entrenched, tendency in the Presidency to design policy primarily for theatrical effect, Regan likens his near-namesake to Franklin Delano

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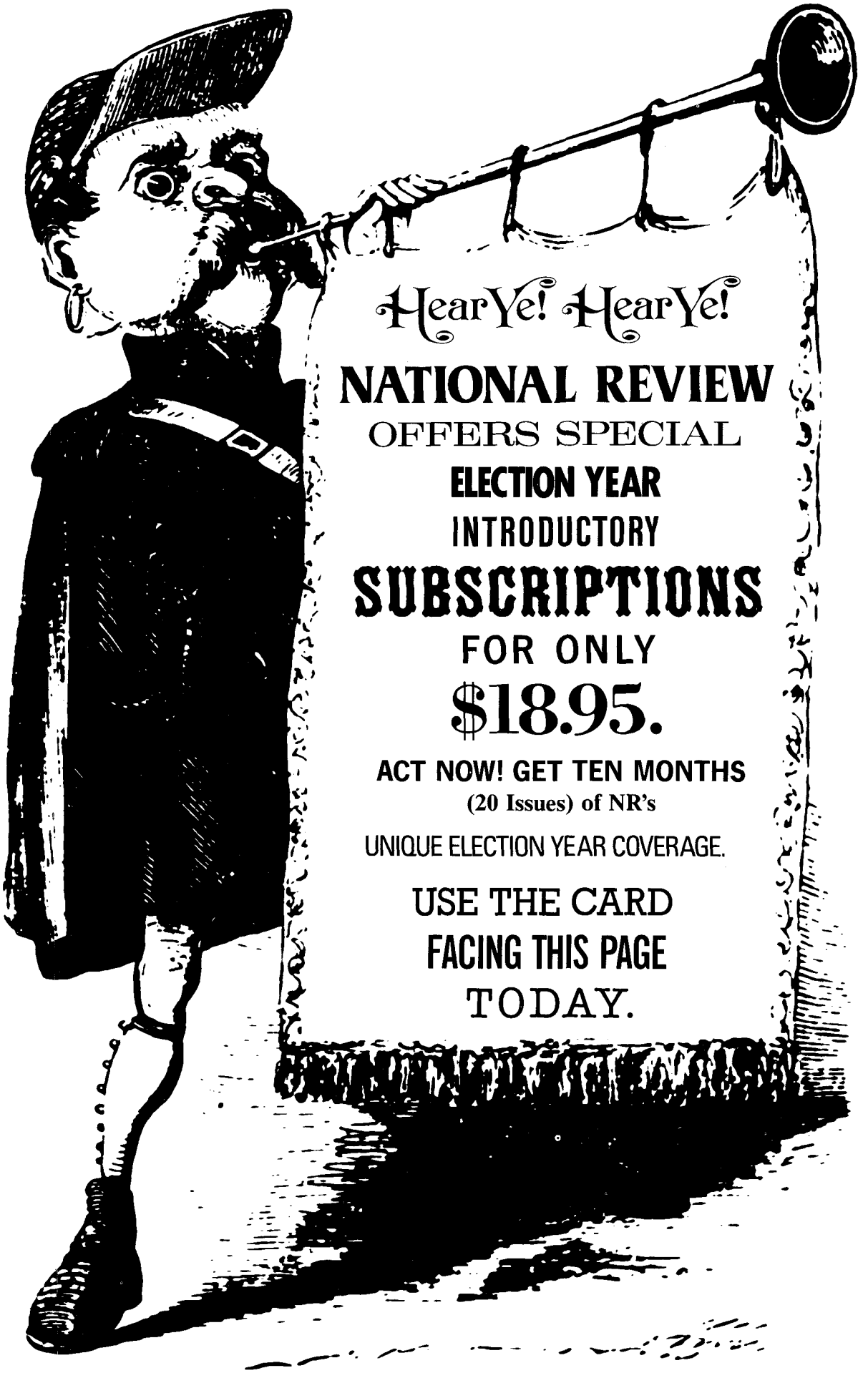

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ ON STAGE: D. Keith Mano's riveting drama *Resistance* is in the midst of a June 2-25 run at the Judith Anderson Theater in Manhattan. Mr. Mano's first play presents a spiritual and intellectual duel between an imprisoned Christian novelist and his Communist captor and interrogator. Koestler and Orwell, call your offices.

☐ COMING IN JULY: In *The Long-Distance Runner: An Autobiography* (Holt, Rinehart, $19.95), Michael Harrington describes a life devoted to democratic socialist politics and defends his decision to go to work as a speechwriter for Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign (are Jackson's speeches Harrington's idea of how an honest-to-goodness black running for President *ought* to sound?), with accounts thrown in of a trip to Nicaragua, a trip to the West Bank, and the author's move from Manhattan to the suburbs.

A Double Life: Newly Discovered Thrillers of Louisa May Alcott (Little, Brown, $17.95), edited by Madeleine B. Sterne, Joel Myerson, and Daniel Shealy, makes an odd literary footnote: five stories, first published in serial form in the 1860s, that were recently discovered to have been written by the author of *Little Women*.

☐ LEFT OVER FROM JUNE: *Old Money: The Making of America's Upper Class* (Knopf, $19.95), by Nelson W. Aldrich Jr.—the journalist, editor, and teacher—is an entertaining (and interesting) book about all those Horatio Algers who contravened Democratic Party rhetoric by starting at the top. (Aldrich himself is related to the Rockefeller family.)

In *Capote* (Simon & Schuster, $22.95), Gerald Clarke argues that the novelist's relationship with the convicted killers of whom he wrote in *In Cold Blood*, and their eventual execution, had grave emotional consequences for the author, whose personality was (to put it mildly) highly unstable to begin with. —CW

Roosevelt and Harry S Truman. Hold on, he means it in a *nice* way. Like Roosevelt, "Reagan changed the political landscape of the United States . . . in a fundamental and probably permanent way. [And] like Truman, he was perceived by his critics to be unqualified for office, an accidental President from whom little could be expected."

Reagan proved them wrong. His former Chief of Staff lunches alone for the time being, but when the dust has settled, the motives of the David Hoffmans of this world will be revealed as being far less noble than those of the man who refused to join their club. ☐

THE HAPPY NATIVE

Joseph Sobran

Right from the Beginning, by Patrick J. Buchanan (Little, Brown, 392 pp., $18.95)

PAT BUCHANAN's father taught all the Buchanan boys to box, and it's no accident that Pat's liberal critics routinely refer to him as "bare-knuckled." They're telling us how it feels to be on the receiving end. I'd just as soon have a ringside seat, thank you, as Ted Kennedy's knees buckle or Jim Wright's mouthpiece flies into the crowd. The people in the best position to appreciate his talents aren't necessarily having the most fun at it.

But Buchanan doesn't fight grudge matches. He's a gent who fights by the rules and, unlike his early hero Westbrook Pegler, doesn't get personal about it. On any given day, he knows where to strike, because he's guided by political savvy. But he fights like a man, and he's a hell of a finisher.

Right from the Beginning, a memoir of his formative years, explains how he came to be the man he is. The mystery is minimal. Bill Buchanan, whose own father deserted his mother for another woman, raised his children to be devout, loyal, and, in the case of his sons, tough.

Pat was born in 1938. He grew up right in Washington, D.C., then of course a different city: he jokes that most of the inner-city violence in those days involved the Buchanan boys. He got a good basic Catholic education at Gonzaga High School, a tough Jesuit institution that later graduated William Bennett. He went on to Georgetown University and the Columbia School of Journalism, and then took a job at the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

His was an enviably normal youth, full of prayer, study, sports, pranks, and general camaraderie. Buchanan never knew the meaning of alienation: he always felt secure in the One True Faith, living in the best country on earth, in a singularly happy home. He points out that even his youthful rebellions against authority (he has known the inside of a paddy wagon) were never *denials* of authority; he had no empathy with the radicalism of the Sixties. He has apparently never had the experience of conversion; and if he ever doubted his Catholic and conservative tenets, it doesn't show. In any case, he's not the sort of man who would advertise his doubts, or sell tickets to the general public to watch him wrestle with his conscience.

He's a self-sufficient man because he came from a sufficient home in a sufficient world. He studied Catholic philosophy in school and college, and he invokes parts of its coherence as needed; he never had to roll his own philosophy. He can say that an IQ test was "a piece of cake," or that his years at Columbia were "the time of my life." He's always been as smart as he had to be, and he's content to say what he means in an easy, idiomatic way. In the verbalist world, a man so normal, with nothing to prove, is a freak.

Right from the Beginning isn't Burke. It has little meditation, though it has many short bursts, so to speak, of reflection. A typical one occurs when Buchanan remembers "hating the 'Japs' and cheering the Americans on" in 1945, when 334 B-29s firebombed Tokyo, killing 83,000 civilians:

> My father and the Jesuits, who taught me about Saint Augustine's requirements for conducting a "just war," and the proscription against the direct and wanton killing of innocent civilians, were right. No matter the barbarity, the savagery of the Japanese empire, no matter the justice of the American cause, we had no moral right to kill like that.

A plain judgment, without histrionics.

Buchanan isn't out to make converts or even to justify himself. He explains why *he's* a conservative, not why Ramsey Clark should be one too. In his column, he's always arguing with an opponent, rather than with a part of himself. This naturally limits his appeal. You agree with him, or your opinions get bloodied. He isn't in the soliloquy business. But his freedom from self-doubt makes him responsive to the objective world. He goes where the action is, not where fancy or inner compulsion takes him.

His autobiography, though it's in a vastly different vein from his journalism, has the same objectivity. He tells stories. Now and then he argues. He

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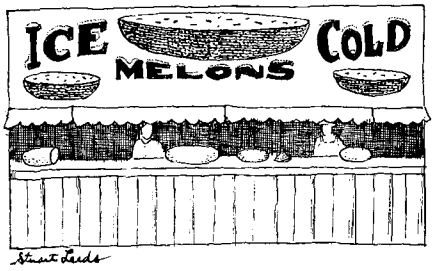
reconstructs a world that's gone now, a better world than this one in everything he regards as fundamental. The stories are funny; the nostalgia is warmly regretful, not plaintive. His father, who must have been the world's most fiery accountant, died just before the book was published. Buchanan adores him. It's easy to see why. But in this world we have to be grateful that such things exist at all, without repining because they are bound to pass away: that's Buchanan's attitude. All the same, he isn't bashful about saying it *was* a better world. And you can't help feeling he's right.

At one point he even argues for several pages that the McCarthy period represented a healthy resurgence of national morale. It's brilliant, and I only wish I could read it aloud to a bound and gagged editorial board of the *New York Times*. But in early 1985, shortly after he joined the Reagan Administration, Buchanan learned that his irrepressible father had been interviewed by two "lovely girls" from *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post*. "Pop," he asked nervously, "you didn't by any chance get into General Franco, or Joe McCarthy?"

"I most certainly did. I explained to those young ladies that General Franco was a great man who had saved Spain, and all Senator McCarthy was ever guilty of was having fought the Communists. We talked about it quite a while." Imagining the news story that might ensue, Pat Buchanan, for once in his life, felt fear. Now it can be told. □



STRAUSSIANS TO THE RESCUE

George Carey

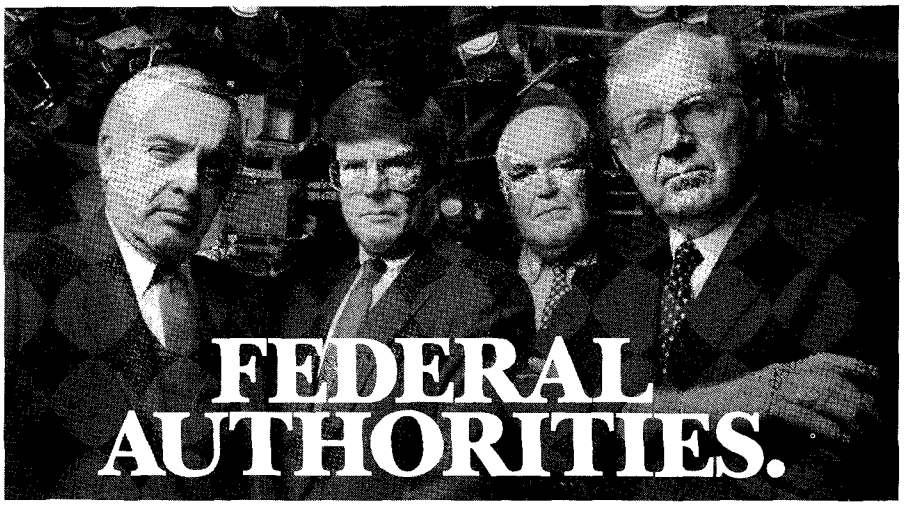
Saving the Revolution: The Federalist Papers and the American Founding, edited by Charles R. Kesler (Free Press, 300 pp., $29.95)

IN THE 1950s, students of the late Professor Leo Strauss began to turn their attention to discovering and elucidating the principles undergirding the American political order. *Saving the Revolution* is the most recent of the works proceeding from this development. It comprises 14 essays—most of them written by second- and third-generation "Straussians"—which, in the main, focus on the central teachings of *The Federalist*.

Virtually all Straussians regard the Declaration of Independence as the central component of the American political tradition. Moreover, they hold, the essential values and principles embodied in the Declaration provide the standards against which subsequent institutions, policies, and leaders should be "measured." Where Straussians differ is over the character of the American regime: whether its primary end, consonant with "modern" political philosophy, is to provide for the peaceful accommodation of competing selfish and partial interests; or whether, more in keeping with classical theory, it seeks to advance more elevated moral ends.

There can be no question on which side of the great divide this book falls. Kesler argues in his introduction that the Constitution was designed to replace a weak and faltering government so that the transcendent ideals of the Declaration might be secured. Hence his book's title: *Saving the Revolution*. In this process, *The Federalist* is seen as playing an indispensable role in showing us that "the Constitution requires *constitutionalism*." Beyond this, on Kesler's showing, Publius (the pseudonym used by *The Federalist*'s authors—Hamilton, Madison, and Jay) did such a masterly job of explaining and defending the Constitution and rendering its provisions a "harmonious whole" that even today we continue to see it through Publius's eyes.

The majority of the essays in this volume deal with Publius's treatment of the major principles and institutions of our constitutional fabric. For his part, Kesler offers a new way of understanding Federalist #10, the most frequently cited of all the essays, in which Publius points out the virtues of an extended republic in providing a republican remedy for the problem of rule by unjust or oppressive majorities. The contributions of Murray Dry and



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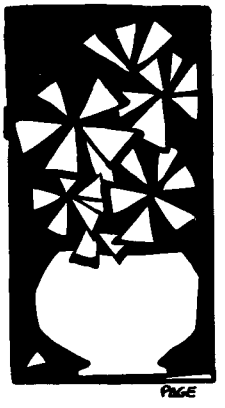
David Broyles deal with the arguments of the Antifederalists against the proposed Constitution and the perennial controversies surrounding state-national relationships. The separation of powers and its relationship to the character and operations of republicanism as well as the rule of law are explored in essays by William Kristol, William B. Allen, and Thomas West. Harvey Mansfield Jr. shows how Publius's republicanized executive can exercise prerogative-like powers necessary for energetic government within the confines of the Constitution. James Stoner points up the relationship between our common-law tradition, the doctrine of judicial review, and our concept of constitutionalism. And Ralph Rossum examines Publius's proposition that the Constitution is, in every meaningful sense, a bill of rights.

Other essays, fascinating in their own right, deal with matters less directly related to Publius's teachings on constitutionalism. To mention a few, Dennis Mahoney traces how the teachings and principles of *The Federalist* were displaced by the new political science that marked the Progressive era. Jack Rakove focuses on the way in which *The Federalist* was used in the early Congresses, as well as by Northern and Southern commentators prior to the Civil War, to resolve disputes over constitutional interpretation. And Edward Banfield emphasizes that deliberation and reason alone cannot account for the adoption of the Constitution and its subsequent success; that, indeed, accident and force have both played a decisive role.



Suffice it to say that these essays are of uniform excellence, and that the volume as a whole is "must" reading for anyone, scholar or layman, interested in understanding our constitutional foundations.

The work is also significant because it raises, albeit indirectly, a basic concern about how best to approach the American political tradition. It is evident that the contributors, in discussing *The Federalist* and the nature of our founding, have abandoned, or at least significantly modified, the "ancient/modern" distinction so prominent in Professor Strauss's approach. But the extent to which the American founding is not a "modern" undertaking brings into serious question the adequacy of the Declaration to serve as the source for understanding or evaluating Publius's enterprise. Put otherwise, we clearly overburden the Declaration if we see it as encapsulating the goals, values, and principles of the tradition that informed Publius and our founders. At best it is an incomplete guide whose value for constitution-makers is questionable: its principles represent only a portion of those found in the broader tradition, which must be rendered compatible with one another.

Aside from the theoretical propriety of doing so, to place the Constitution and *The Federalist* in the shadow of the Declaration can eclipse Publius's teachings. Rossum, for instance, makes it abundantly clear that Publius believed that the Constitution was an effective "bill of rights" in the sense that its structures and operations would protect minorities against oppression by either the government or the majority. As he also points out, Publius argued on both practical and theoretical grounds against the addition of a bill of rights. These simple facts bear testimony to the gulf between Publius's thinking on this matter and that which prevails today. These days the Bill of Rights—associated closely with either the "spirit" or the letter of the Declaration—is popularly exalted as the heart of the Constitution. In a more general vein, since the turn of the century, the liberal Left has always seen the true "ideals" of America enshrined in the Declaration—ideals thwarted or corrupted by the constitutional processes outlined and defended by Publius. Thus, those who would defend the judicial tyranny we have experienced in recent decades can readily find justification in the language of the Declaration.

In sum, conservatives have good theoretical and pragmatic reasons to be leery of the kind of linkage between *The Federalist* and the Declaration that underlies this volume. Indeed, in the light of these essays' concerns, the Preamble of the Constitution would serve as a more suitable point of departure. □

TRAGIC IRONIES

Jeffrey Meyers

Rebecca West, by Victoria Glendinning (Knopf, 320 pp., $19.95)

In August 1977 Dame Rebecca West invited me to tea in her magnificent flat at Prince's Gate, overlooking Kensington Gardens in London. A doddering Irish maid announced my arrival—which was greeted by a loud "Oh, damn!" Dame Rebecca had forgotten our appointment. Ten minutes later she appeared in an ankle-length Moroccan caftan. She was then 85 and heavily built; she walked with difficulty, and wore thick spectacles. But her mind was as sharp as ever.

Like many famous and aged people, Dame Rebecca was often lonely. She asked if I were free that evening and invited me to stay for dinner. When she ordered wine and was told there was none in the house, she called for whisky, and we drank it throughout the meal. As we talked, my eyes wandered from the wall with Wyndham Lewis's striking portrait of her—the distorted features and strained expression revealing a troubled intelligence—to the living countenance of the octogenarian who possessed the most formidable intellect and sharpest tongue of any woman writer in this century.

Victoria Glendinning, who has previously written on women of less consequence, has produced a vivid, elegant, and perceptive life of her most substantial subject. Though Rebecca West lived for nearly 91 years (1892-1983), Miss Glendinning has covered the tempestuous emotional and intellectual events of her life in an admirably brief compass.

Cicily Fairfield (her pseudonym was borrowed from the heroine of Ibsen's play *Rosmersholm*) was born in London, the daughter of an Irish artist and journalist who was "a specialist in disappointment." He was chronically unfaithful, abandoned his wife and three daughters when Cicily was eight, and died when she was 13. She grew up in Edinburgh, poor and socially uneasy. In her youth she became a socialist and suffragist, and trained as an actress; she published her first book, on Henry James, in 1916.

In 1911 the young Miss West became the mistress of H. G. Wells. He

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was 47, comfortably married, extremely selfish, and (at that time) one of the most successful and influential writers in England. The following year she gave birth to an unwanted son, Anthony West, and lived with the child, alone and isolated, eager for the visits of her busy lover. She adored her mentor, protector, and enchanter. But her meetings with Wells inevitably led to "recriminations, reproaches, rows, occasional moments of sweetness, and lacerating nostalgia" for past happiness. After her break with Wells in 1923, she felt their relationship had been nothing but "an utter failure and a waste of my youth." Wells portrayed her in many of his novels and they conversed rather bitterly through their published works. Though Miss West tried to be a good mother, circumstances conspired against her and she aroused the lifelong hatred—also expressed in print—of her son. There was, she felt, "never, *never*, NEVER any way of making Anthony happy and NEVER any freedom from the desire to make him happy."

Wells was the first in a series of distinguished lovers that included Lord Beaverbrook, John Gunther, Proust's friend Prince Antoine Bibesco, and the American chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, Francis Biddle. After a bout with tuberculosis and a period of psychoanalysis which predictably revealed a "father fixation," Miss West, desperate for security, married in 1930 a cosmopolitan but boring banker, Henry Andrews. She compared him to a "dull giraffe"; the Bloomsbury group called him "Chinese torture." Both husband and wife were "adept at misunderstanding."

After an ectopic pregnancy, which led to a therapeutic abortion, they settled down to a luxurious life in Buckinghamshire. Henry ceased sexual relations with his wife five years after their marriage, and remained devoted to her and to his many mistresses. She took only one other lover after Francis Biddle, though she found Henry " 'complete hell to live with'—disorganized, inconsiderate, incompetent," and admitted she had "never known anything as near happiness as the relief I felt when he died."

Though she wrote 11 novels, Dame Rebecca was much better at nonfiction, and her reputation rests primarily on her massive book about Yugoslavia, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* (1941), and her study of espionage, *The Meaning of Treason* (1947). She became as successful as Wells had been, enjoyed friends, fame, and wealth (she disinherited her son and left most of her £770,000 estate to her nephew). But her life had many tragic ironies. She took many brilliant lovers but married a dullard. She had an unwanted illegitimate son but could not bear a child in marriage. She considered herself an artist but was better known as a reporter. She suffered poor health but lived to a great age. She survived all her friends and finally longed for death. □

MATTER OVER MIND

Lacey Washington

Mind Matters, by Michael Gazzaniga (Houghton Mifflin, 255 pp., $17.95)

IT MAY be hard for the reader of *Mind Matters* to get past the second chapter—although not out of a lack of interest. Michael Gazzaniga's book deals in a light and readable way with an enormously important subject: how the human mind works. Professor Gazzaniga takes the newest research in the field of neuroscience and elucidates it for the lay reader. He considers a variety of mental states and discusses what is known about physiological changes in the brain that occur with them—states that range from schizophrenia and clinical depression to love. The reader *should* persevere past the second chapter; he will find insights into behavior that are not intuitively available—and that are a long way from modern popular psychology. But that second chapter, "Memory and Thinking after Forty," is awfully discouraging.

In it, Professor Gazzaniga begins by describing large-scale changes that begin to emerge in the brain after age forty: a dramatic decrease in the number of brain cells in the cerebral cortex; changes in the configuration of remaining neurons; a decrease in total brain volume. Cause-and-effect relationships in neuroscience are not immediately obvious, and so we follow a tortuous path to discovering how these

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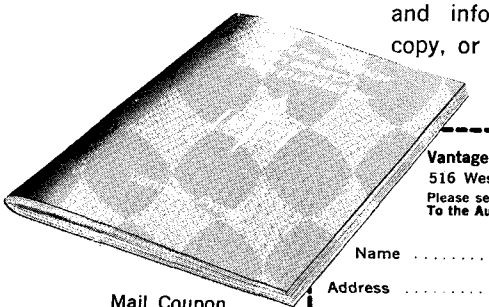

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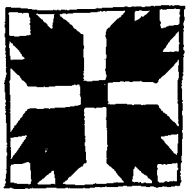
changes affect thought. We learn how injuries to specific parts of the brain cause peculiar changes in memory. Case NN, for example, retained his "semantic memory" and could offer general information about how the world works. His "episodic memory," however, was gone, and he could recall only one or two incidents from his past life.

We learn about the differences between these two kinds of memory, and about two kinds of learning. Yet the conclusion of the chapter is still devastating: "If asked . . . to think about wholly new information . . . , the aging brain cannot compete with the young brain." And, "Modern medicine can fix backs, control hypertension, cure many forms of cancer. It cannot for now fix the memory system, which begins losing its efficiency after the age of forty. . . . Underneath all of this is the greatly decreased capacity caused by a markedly changed brain."



The disconcerting thing here is that, while most of us are aware that our brains are physiological organs, and that they should be as susceptible to disease and damage as the rest of our bodies, we simply don't think of them that way. We are accustomed to thinking of our mental states as rational, and within conscious control. And I, for one, would have liked to believe that any lapses in mental acuity as people age are due to laxness—not keeping up with our reading, not staying active, not getting enough exercise, anything but an inevitable, underlying change in cell morphology.

Professor Gazzaniga explains mental processes as interactions between underlying physical and chemical events and a conscious interpreter that has to make sense of them for us. The example he uses to introduce this model is the epilepsy patient treated by surgically severing the corpus callosum, the structure that links the two halves of the brain. Because portions of the visual fields are specific to one half of the brain or the other, information, including commands, can be given to one side of the brain without the other side being aware of it. Gazzaniga has performed experiments in which he tells a patient's right brain, "Walk." The patient gets up and walks. When asked why, however, the left brain, which produces verbal responses, interprets the event, and comes up with a reason: "I was going out to get a Coke." The underlying principle is that neural events may occur in our brains, causing a change in mood, for example, for which we think we know the explanation, when in fact we have made up a reason to fit the mood.

The extreme example of this process is schizophrenia: "My view," Gazzaniga writes, "is that schizophrenia is a disease that finds the brain's interpreter going wild in its attempts to bring order out of what is most likely endogenous, or inner-generated, brain chaos." Symptoms mimicking the disease occur in patients with biochemical disturbances that are not endogenous—a chronic overdose of amphetamines, for example. But, generally, schizophrenia seems to arise spontaneously in 1 per cent of the world's population, wherever and however they live.

Although there seem to be almost as many forms of the disease as there are patients, Gazzaniga uses a case history to give an interpretation of the disease's development: A chemical disorder produces hallucinations and disturbs a patient's thought. The patient withdraws from other people in embarrassment and confusion. He is then left to interpret reality in increased isolation, and the hallucinations become elements of his belief system—delusions. The underlying biochemical imbalance may be alleviated with drugs, or it may go into spontaneous remission; in either case, the hallucinations and paranoia will be relieved, but the delusional memories may remain. Gazzaniga suggests that we can learn something for ourselves from even so extreme an illness as schizophrenia: that a normal mind, allowed to entertain incorrect ideas for a long time, may also construct strange theories about reality, so that we should check our ideas continually against those of our community.

Other diseases that follow similar patterns are depression (including bipolar disease), anxiety and phobias, and obsessions and compulsions. All of these illnesses seem to arise from biological events, which then create distorted interpretations of reality. The mind's interpretations in turn have biological consequences, which are most evident in the states of pain and stress. What we believe about pain affects not only how strongly we perceive it, but our biological response as well. And stress leads to the greater or lesser production of cortisol (a hormone that, in suppressing the immune system, can bring on illness) depending on whether we see the stress as harmful or as a constructive challenge.

The hard message of *Mind Matters* is that the rationality of our minds can be limited in any number of ways by physical and chemical events that we will not even be aware of. The more encouraging side of this message is that we can learn to check our interpretations and to be aware that, when they begin to shift markedly from reality, medical help may be in order. That some of these ideas are hard to take does not undercut their usefulness—the more we know about our limitations and those of people around us, the better we will be able to work within them. □

ART

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

James Gardner

THE IMPRESSIVE collection of Old Masters that comes to us from the Hermitage in Leningrad, and that has now moved from New York's Metropolitan Museum to the Art Institute of Chicago, inspires me to meditate briefly upon the soul of the Russian people. It might seem odd to think such thoughts in the present connection, since the paintings in question are the Dutch and Flemish acquisitions of czars hell-bent on making Russia much less Russian and much more European. But the very abundance of treasures in the Hermitage, and the grandiosity of the structure itself, were born of an energy and appetite that, to Westerners, must seem shockingly out of control. Before *glasnost*, just about the only Russian word known to most foreigners was *bolshoi*—big. And the Hermitage, with its forty thousand drawings, 500,000 engravings, and eighty thousand paintings, is surely one of the big things on the planet.

Another feature of the Russian char-

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acter that transpires through the present exhibition is an essential conservatism, verging upon sloth. Western visitors to the Soviet Union are often surprised by the local taste for those big black cars with fins that Americans were driving back in the Fifties. One is forcefully reminded of this stalwartness by the catalogue of the traveling Hermitage collection, written entirely by Soviet curators. To the newest batch of Western art critics and historians, trained to apply to everything the criterion of social and political relevance, this catalogue, in its attentiveness to issues of style, form, and provenance, must seem hopelessly reactionary. It would be hard to conceive of anyone more bored by issues of class conflict, surplus labor, and the dialectics of materialism than the curators of the Hermitage.

And yet few areas of art lend themselves more readily to such analysis than what the Dutch produced during their mysteriously fertile Golden Age, which spanned most of the seventeenth century. This period saw the creation of the kind of bourgeois art that was to dominate the nineteenth century and beyond. The comfortable middle-class interiors of Elinga and Ter Borch, the homely *Landscape with an Oak* by Jan van Goyen, the cow picture by Aelbert Cuyp—all of which appeared at the Met—were to have countless imitators throughout the nineteenth century.

Indeed, the Dutch art of the Golden Age is surely the most nineteenth-century of all art before the nineteenth century. The Soviet Union, in turn, is probably more rooted in the nineteenth century than any other contemporary culture. For it was then that Russian culture, as we now know it, acquired the identity it retains today. The Soviets are in love with virtuosities of all kinds, things that are big and impressive and hard to do, like playing Liszt, or dancing on point to Tchaikovsky, or writing involved narratives with a cast of thousands as Solzhenitsyn and Sholokhov have done in the past generation.

In the ethos of the Soviets, there is little patience with minimalism, or "*art brut*," or any of the infantilism by which artists of our time have struggled to overcome the awesome man-mountainism of the last century. The Soviets want to be astonished and impressed, and they know that there have rarely been artists as devoted to *skill*, to human dominion over nature and over one's own frailties, as the Dutch Masters. Consider the almost superhuman minuteness of Jan van Huysum's still-life in this collection, with its obsessive detail in the rendering of flowers, and the petals of flowers, and the veins on the petals of flowers; or the silks and satins of Gabriel Metsu; or the shaggy rugs, lemon peels, and brazen goblets of Willem Kalf. The Russians love this sort of thing—and I confess that I do too.

Russia's admiration for Holland dates from the end of the seventeenth century, when both nations strove with Sweden for supremacy in Northern Europe. Peter the Great learned the art of ship-building in Holland, and he also acquired there an enduring admiration for the over-achieving, secularized, and anti-aristocratic Dutch bourgeoisie, as well as for its art, much of which he took home with him. Peter's tastes, however, seemed hopelessly eccentric in his own day. While most of Europe was dazzled by the late-baroque fripperies of Maratta and Giordano, the mad Russian preferred such unheard-of fellows as Pieter Bruegel and Jan van Eyck.

Only one of his acquisitions, a pleasant still-life by Jan Fyt, is featured in the present show. For most of its Dutch and Flemish paintings, over 1,800 of them, the Hermitage may thank Catherine the Great, who was so avid of ownership that on average she acquired at least one new Dutch or Flemish painting every week of her long reign. It was she who purchased the fine Rembrandts to be seen in the Hermitage collections. The beautiful depiction of the painter's young wife, Saskia, as the goddess Flora, the sensitive *Portrait of a Scholar* at his books, and such Biblical operatics as the *Sacrifice of Isaac* and *Haman Recognizes His Fate*. Catherine also had a taste for the more aristocratic paintings of the Flemings Rubens and van Dyck, some fine examples of whose works also appeared at the Met.

Finally, I should say that, given the somewhat dreary lighting conditions at the Hermitage, at least when I was there over a decade ago, I can imagine that these paintings have never been seen, and may never again be seen, to such advantage as in the spacious, well-lighted galleries of our own Metropolitan Museum. □

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SOUND ON DISC

VIVALDI TO THE FORE

Ralph de Toledano

TO HIS contemporaries, he was *il prete rosso*—not for any revolutionary proclivities but for his flaming red hair. Yet Antonio Vivaldi did revolutionize the baroque, opening doors through which Bach and others would walk. His musical geography has yet to be thoroughly navigated by the musicologists, so we cannot make valid comparisons. He was virtually forgotten for centuries—there was no Mendelssohn for him as there was for Bach—but it may be that as we become more familiar with his music we will find in him a genius of towering proportions.

Vivaldi it was who took the concerto grosso out of the church and gave us the opera-oriented solo concerto. This great contribution to musical art was linked to a development of orchestral color, of dynamic variety, and of striking contrasts in mood and tempo from which the classical, the romantic, and the post-romantic all

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ONCE AGAIN the Hoover Institution is in the news, this time as a result of a decision by the board of trustees at Stanford University to require the resignation of the Institution's director, W. Glenn Campbell, when he turns 65 next year. According to the board's chairman, Warren Christopher, the action reflects simply the trustees' belief that "it is generally appropriate that top administrative positions should be relinquished at age 65." To Mr. Campbell, however—who was handpicked for his job by the Institution's founder, Herbert Hoover himself, back in 1960—as to conservative observers, the move is clearly a step to bring Hoover more effectively under the university's control. Now, in *Herbert Hoover and Stanford University* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford University, Stanford, Calif.; $24.95), George Nash offers an account of Herbert Hoover's seventy-year relationship with his alma mater that puts these events in perspective. (The monograph is a spinoff of the author's multi-volume work in progress, *The Life of Herbert Hoover*, of which Volume One was published in 1983 and Volume Two is scheduled to appear this summer.)

Herbert Hoover was, by virtue of being the first student to be allocated a dormitory room, in a sense the first student to enter Stanford University, in October 1891. For the rest of his life, Hoover thought of Stanford as "the best place in the world," dedicated to the ideal of "direct usefulness in life." By his mid thirties, he had made a fortune as a mining engineer, and felt an urge pushing him toward a second career, a career of doing good in addition to doing well: fond memories of his undergraduate days made it inevitable that the object of his benevolence should be Stanford. In 1912 he was elected to the board of trustees, took up residence in San Francisco. and devoted himself to a plan of radical improvement for the university. Then, in 1914, the outbreak of war found Hoover in London, where he created the Commission for Relief in Belgium, a private humanitarian relief agency whose work was delivering food supplies to the conquered Belgians. In the course of operations, Hoover moved regularly around Europe, across the lines separating the belligerents; it occurred to him that he was "in a unique position to collect fugitive literature" pertaining to the subject of war and revolution, and shortly thereafter he was embarked upon "the systematic collecting of contemporary documents on the Great War before they were lost to history." This was the beginning of that immense collection around which the Hoover Institution was founded in 1919.

Over the next 45 years, Herbert Hoover was to be Stanford's most influential trustee; an intimate friend (and maker) of its presidents; a globally famous humanitarian; a U.S. Secretary of Commerce; the 31st President of the United States; and, as elder statesman, a significant presence on the American Right. Nevertheless, only a few years before his death he described the Hoover Institution as "probably my major contribution to American life." It was a legacy he had to fight hard for many years to preserve intact, however; and it is the story of this protracted battle against what he called "the left-wing faculty at Stanford University" that provides the dramatic element for Mr. Nash's book.

"It might easily be assumed," Mr. Hoover once wrote tartly, "that I know the purposes of the Institution, since I founded it." That purpose, as he elsewhere described it, was "by its research and publications, to demonstrate the evils of the doctrines of Karl Marx—whether Communism, socialism, economic materialism, or atheism—thus to protect the American way of life from such ideologies, their conspiracies, and to reaffirm the validity of the American system." Until World War II, the fundamental nature of the Institution went largely unchallenged. But after the war, as the Stanford faculty participated in the leftward migration of American university intellectuals, allegations began to be heard that the Institution's mandate was an infraction of "academic freedom." At the same time, the Institution's own staff came more and more to represent the prevailing left-wing mood in academia. "In later years," Nash observes, "the Institution acquired a reputation for being monolithically conservative. In the late 1940s and 1950s, however, nearly the opposite was the case. . . . By 1958 . . . Hoover had begun to state openly that 'the left-wingers' had 'taken over' his library." His response was to attempt to redefine contractually the relationship between the Institution and the university. The appointment of Glenn Campbell seemed to Hoover and his cohorts to be the capstone of his success.

Today the Stanford leftists insist that what concerns them is not the direction of the Institution's "politicization" but the fact of it. Even a cursory reading of Nash's book gives them the lie. The Left at Stanford was perfectly content with Hoover in the Fifties, when it was in their hands and doing their work. Now, with its founder dead almost a quarter-century and his chosen lieutenant vulnerable to bureaucratic sabotage, they want it back. □

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profited. It is notable, moreover, that though he pushed out the boundaries of music, his art was always governed by a strict sense of form. It is that form which in its flowering so delights us—as the liberties taken by the so-called romantics also delight.

If Vivaldi is merely a footnote to you—or if you are familiar with him only through Bach's misconceived transcriptions—I refer you to *l'Estro Armonico*, which has been recorded by Trevor Pinnock and the English Concert using original instruments, with Simon Standage as violin soloist (Deutsche Grammophon CD 423 094). Why *estro*, from the Latin *œstrus*, a frenzy or passion? There is nothing frenzied here, and the passion is disciplined and thereby heightened. Passages of transcendent lyricism and tranquillity contrast with heady rhythms and harsh cadences with which a modernist would feel at home—and a compactness from which the solo violin emerges eloquently. In the interplay between orchestra and soloist, the orchestra returns with the theme it had been exploring when it gave way to the violin—a device that enchanted Bach, who used it lavishly.

Concerti alla Rustica brings us six more Vivaldi concertos, also played by Trevor Pinnock and the English Concert (Deutsche Grammophon CD 415 674). Vivaldi wrote for virtuoso violin, but these concertos for the most part are dedicated to the oboe, mandolins, and *molti strumenti*. As I find little *œstrus* in the *Estro*, I cannot perceive the rustic in these concertos. Rustic or not, they do not have the élan of the *Estro*, but they are still very fine and still point us toward a re-evaluation of the baroque. In both works, conductor and orchestra give the composer his due.

☐ Vivaldi's influence was permanent and deep. Until the musicologists prove me wrong, I must confess that I feel twinges of that influence in the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor. Hostile critics once said that this concerto is nothing more than a symphony with a piano *obbligato*—which is nonsense. The opening of the first movement, the *maestoso*, is certainly symphonic, with a richness and depth not often found in the post-Beethoven concerto. And certainly Brahms was edging toward a completely symphonic utterance. But the D minor, which grew out of a piano sonata, is thoroughly in the genre of the concerto.

However it is classified, it is music of power and commitment. In performance by Alfred Brendel, with the Berlin Philharmonic under Claudio Abbado, distinctions are lost, perhaps because the recording has been overdigitalized (Philips LP 420 071-1). Or it may be that Brendel and Abbado breathe a little too deeply and romantically in their traversal. I find the old Serkin-Szell with the Cleveland Orchestra much more cleanly delineated.

☐ Some seven years after the first performance of Beethoven's Mass in C major, the composer wrote in his diary that "to write true church music, look through the old monkish chorals, etc. . . . and perfect prosody in the Catholic psalms and hymns generally." For a man whose view of God wavered between the deist and the pantheist, this is an interesting statement. But he was simply disclosing what he had done when writing the C-major Mass—an extraordinary and shimmering work steeped in traditions that were being rapidly forgotten. Yet Prince Esterhazy, for whom the Mass was written, considered it a total failure and let Beethoven know it while the court toadies laughed.

The Mass in C major is extraordinary because, though solid Beethoven in idiom, it finds a way to make its obeisance to traditional liturgical speech. In the rise and fall of its dynamics and its positive declarations, there is an abiding tenderness—and this is not lost in the somewhat emphatic performance by the RIAS Chamber Choir and the RSO Berlin orchestra, conducted by Riccardo Chailly (London cassette 417 563-4). Emphasis seems to be *de rigueur* in conducting Beethoven, so perhaps I should not complain. And certainly we should rejoice at having this lovely and moving Mass brought to us.

☐ Man does not live by Bach alone —or Beethoven or Vivaldi, for that matter. There is so much other music that encompasses us even though it does not march us up the stairway to heaven. In this category are Elgar's *Enigma Variations* and *Pomp and Circumstance* (Philips LP 416 813-1) and Prokofiev's Symphonies No. 1 and No. 5 (Philips LP 420 172-1), performed by the Royal Philharmonic and the

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Los Angeles Philharmonic, respectively. André Previn, who no longer tries to be Art Tatum or Kid Mozart, is the conductor—and he is a good choice. For these are works that, however much they may evoke *autres temps et autres mœurs*, require no great *explication de texte*. The *Pomp and Circumstance* marches take us back to a time when patriotism and ritual still lived—and England was at the height of its greatness. The Prokofiev symphonies—the First written during World War I and the Fifth during World War II—have very fine moments, and Previn copes with them excellently. □

THE GIMLET EYE

IMMIGRATING

D. Keith Mano

THEY LINE up in darkness, as if drawn out by ultrasonic bat sound. It is, I think, the largest criminal gathering ever. These are people of long ambivalence and daily stealth: half a small nation on the lam. What must it be like, to have no legal standing at work or in your own bedroom? While I write—May 4, midnight—they surround the New York Immigration Service office, ten thousand or more illegal aliens, flushed from cover by amnesty. They seem furtive and mistrustful: after all, they've been ducking authority for years. Nonetheless, they come: to secure the most valuable piece of paper in print—their American permanent resident's green card.

And in a classroom, one week earlier, I sat with 15 or so skittish men and women, listening to immigration lawyer H. Reid Shaw. More than half my fellow students were white and young—I mean, they *looked* American. Most had let their temporary visas lapse. Now they were trying to figure some angle that would produce permanent residence. No simple trick, that: it may be easier to candle a china egg than to become American.

My favorite flip phrase, you might have noticed, is, "Sleazy as immigration lawyers." Shaw, however, has passion and rectitude the way some people have a hemorrhage. He is no wetback mouthpiece either: Shaw represents large, international corporations. And his mind is sharper than a boning knife. After tax law, immigration law has become the most complex, dullest body of statutes we have: Shaw can make it sound like sitar music. He speaks five languages, one of which, I think, is High Sardonic.

His feeling about the Immigration Service—delivered in quirky, acid, Fred Allen-ish diction—could be, oh, just a touch more positive. "I've been doing this for many years. I'm convinced that no one lies as much as the government investigators. Go down to 26 Federal Plaza, that place is a coven of the most profound immorality and indecency. They're hinderers, they're obstructionists; they will do anything to cause gratuitous suffering, to undermine the hopes, dreams, aspirations of their brothers and sisters. Not every time, but too often, these people are sadistic, vicious, completely dishonest." Of American immigration officers stationed in the Third World, he had this to say: "Many seem to retire rather early. After a year or two of distinguished service. And they don't have to work again."

There are seven sorts of immigrant visas: five based on relationship, two on occupation. An immigrant visa is Step A in your permanent-residence application, and none of those seven should be mistaken for fast food. Before you are fingerprinted (now they also photograph your right ear), the wait will probably be one year or more. An immediate relative (parent, child, wife) might get visaed within three months. Figure one year, maybe two, for the artist or scientist of "exceptional merit." Your brother in Ecuador, however—expect his visa by A.D. 2000. There are one and a half million siblings in line already. Acceptance is contingent on moral standing: you must not be alcoholic or polygamous or vagrant or Communist or engaged in "commercialized sexual activity." Shaw, though, once got permanent residence for a murderer. "It wasn't even too hard. But if, in 1948, he had been found with one mini-mini-microgram of hashish on his person, he'll never be forgiven that. But for murder . . . well, this is America; we mustn't be unduly severe. The absurdity of the law will speak for itself."

Those who aren't gene-splicers or famous sculptors are required to prove that they won't take work away from an American. This can be dicey. The sponsoring employer must advertise your job for at least ten days. "It is a cat-and-mouse game. For a while, for a live-in housekeeper, we would advertise the position in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. The Labor Department wised up after a few eons. It's a situation which is fundamentally, shall we say, compromising. We know, and the Labor Department knows, that we're trying *not* to find a qualified worker. If you lose your labor certification, that's it. You've got to get married."

Which many postulant Americans end up doing. Citizenship, in fact, is often contingent on sex appeal. The Immigration Service estimates that 45 per cent of marriages brought before it are fraudulent. No other government department is empowered to verify love. How? "They invite you into a kind of *Newlywed Game* quiz. They separate the spouses and ask maybe a hundred, 150 questions to test their knowledge of the trivia of each other's daily routine. 'What time does your husband get up? Does he have an alarm clock? What sort of table does it sit on?' I know many instances in which the people were living together as husband and wife, and the case was denied." U.S. immigration law, as Shaw would have it, is a coarse instrument.

Any alien who might retain Shaw as counsel will enter America with distinct left-liberal prejudices. "Immigration law is basically and fundamentally a piece of work of the legislature of 1952. In 1952 . . . this country was suffering under a terrible mass fear of Communist subversion. This hysteria has permeated immigation law." Despite that leftsymp patter, Shaw claims to be conservative and, indeed, even "monarchist" (he is, God knows, elitist enough at any rate). He has no use for the Reagan Administration. Unless, that is, he has some use for it: "I know a certain liaison officer who

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works for the President. He can put a hot seat under Immigration and the State Department. Vice President Bush has been good to me, too. There are ways to apply pressure. Everything I tell you is above board." I'm sure. In immigration law, it would seem, there is no board at all.

And still they line up: to have their labor put in question, their marriages eavesdropped on: to languish in delay and great expense. Emma Lazarus said it well:

Send these, the homeless, tempest tost to me
You'll find a lawyer at the golden door. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

For Lust of Knowing, by Archie Roosevelt (Little, Brown, 492 pp., $24.45)

THE LATE Allen Dulles saw Archie Roosevelt as "the intelligence officer's intelligence officer," and the British services still count him among the world's top four or five of this century. *For Lust of Knowing*, however, is not what the layman might expect of someone with that background. It doesn't "blow the lid off" anything; it is not an insider's account of CIA gaffes; it contains none of John Le Carré's fake realism. Instead, it is a "travelogue in depth," as the late Dean Acheson said of Fitzroy Maclain's accounts of his travels in Central Asia. It belongs on the exotic-adventure shelves alongside books by his peers in earlier generations—Doughty, Burton, Bell, T. E. Lawrence—or, as in my own library, in the "working anthropology" section, next to Daniel Lerner's *The Passing of Traditional Society*. It presents a view of the world's problem areas as we professionals saw them back in the good old days when the CIA was an *intelligence* agency, and we had to understand the peoples we wrote about. Reading it, one begins to understand how the CIA "generalists" of today can turn out reports that are relevant, complete, timely, and accurate, and yet have as much bearing on the needs of national strategy as passengers' complaints dropped in a TWA suggestion box. Equipped with working fluency in some ten or 12 languages, Mr. Roosevelt made his way from the North African *maghreb*, across Western Asia, to the "Samarkand" of Marlowe, Flecker, and FitzGerald, picking up along the way the cultural insights of an observer with the knack for putting himself in the shoes of strange peoples, seeing problems from their points of view, and understanding them with an objectivity born of empathy rather than sympathy. MILES COPELAND

BETHELL

(Continued from page 38)

tion and emulation of others." This, he said, "is not the kind of competition which socialists repudiate."

"Opinion could not fail to reprobate," if necessary "by penalties of some description," any "self-indulgence at the expense of the community," Mill wrote. He concluded, however, that the evidence was not yet in: whether "labor would be diminished by Communism" was "an undecided question" as of 1852 and would have to await the socialist future.

The faith in progress was strong in Mill, as in his contemporaries generally, and it is interesting to see him including it in the balance against property. "Mankind are capable of a far greater amount of public spirit than the present age is accustomed to suppose possible," he wrote, and this was his answer to those who said that human nature required the institution of private property. In Alfred Marshall, the professor of economics at Cambridge and Mill's unofficial successor in the Economists' Pantheon, the faith in progress was perhaps even stronger.

His magnum opus was *Principles of Economics* (1890). ("Political economy" no longer, economics was preparing to march forth into the twentieth century dressed up as science.) Marshall seems to have decided that it was no longer prudent to resist the socialist whirlwind. Some say he sought the good opinion of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Property was dropped—as it were, a no-longer welcome acquaintance. Marshall derided Jeremy Bentham for fostering "in his disciples an almost superstitious reverence for the existing institutions of private property." The truth was, Marshall declared, the need for property "went no deeper than human nature," and that was not very deep, evidently. Economics itself was changing because human nature was changing. "During the last fifty years," he wrote, these changes had been "so great as to force themselves on the attention." Economics was now paying "a greater attention to the pliability of human nature, and to the way in which the character of man affects and is affected by the prevalent methods of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth."

Now, almost one hundred years later, no one would say that. Faith in the pliability of human nature has withered along with New Soviet Man. The penalties anticipated by John Stuart Mill for "self-indulgence at the expense of the community" have been exacted in the Gulag. As for those socialist exertions, to be undertaken "for the emulation of others," how one wishes Mill and Marshall could have read Vladimir Bukovsky's book *To Build a Castle* (1977):

> Working in a bus factory in Moscow, my classmates and I saw for the first time what a Soviet enterprise is like—with all its deceptions, its hollow façade, and its coercion. Nobody in the bus factory was in a hurry to work; the workers preferred to sit in the smoking room until the foreman appeared, when they all dashed to their places. "Why should we hurry for the money they pay us?" said the workmen. "Work's not a wolf, it won't run into the forest!" In the mornings they were almost all drunk or hung over, and throughout the working day people would be regularly detailed to slip over the fence for some vodka. Only one man put in a full day's work. The rest hated him, and when pointing him out would rotate one finger meaningfully by the temple. They were always looking for chances to do him dirt, either by surreptitiously damaging his machine or by stealing his tools. "Want to be a champion and raise the targets?" they said spitefully. It turned out that if one man exceeded the target, the target would be raised for all of them the following month, and they would have to work twice as hard for exactly the same money.

Human nature didn't change after all. It only remains for the economists to restore private property to its rightful place—at the foundation of economics. Some say that such a development is already under way, with the law-and-economics movement. The economists are beginning to creep out of their mathematical blind alleys and play around the edges of such notions as property and contract. Can "political economy" be far behind? □

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NIGHTMARE, ANYONE?

NEW YORK, MAY 30

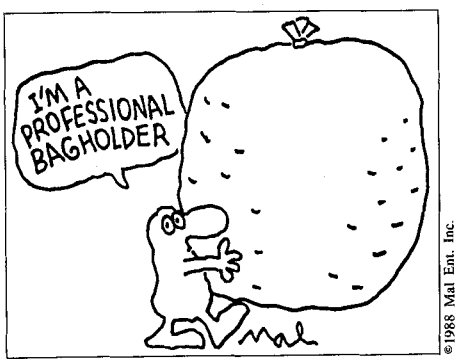
As EVERYONE knows, there are many reasons to doubt the good intentions of Mikhail Gorbachev (he was elected boss by the same people who served Stalin and were elevated by him and his successors). But let us hypothesize that Gorbachev is in fact a genuine reformer, a man disillusioned with the economic strictures of socialism, skeptical of the eschatological vision of Marx, and offended by the brutalitarian face of the Soviet Union he grew up in. Let us go so far as to suppose that, if he were given his way, every year the Soviet people would be, oh, 10 per cent freer than they were the year before. That, every year, the Soviet Union would diminish its aggression by 10 per cent. Let us treat ourselves to the belief that, by the year 1998, the Soviet Union will have granted its citizens human rights, and will have disassembled its aggressive arsenal, retaining only a defense arsenal; that its satellites will be free and running their own affairs, with only a loose, defensive alliance with the mother country. The end of the great plague begun in 1917.

A friend of mine, a scientist with an elegant mind, once proposed to me that I write a novel that begins as follows: The President of the United States and the General Secretary of the Soviet Union are ending a Summit conference in Moscow, and the moment has come for the final handclasp. The President stretches out his hand as the ambient fanfare—the bands and the cannon and the airplanes overhead—distracts the attention of the great crowd in Red Square. The Soviet leader's hand meets the President's. And the President feels, in his palm, the slip of paper that has slid from the General Secretary's hand into his own. Discreetly, he deposits the little piece of paper into the pocket of his coat. Eight minutes later he is seated in Air Force One, in his private cabin. He takes the note from his pocket, unfolds it, and reads, in block letters, in English: "I WANT TO HELP YOU. HELP ME!" It is signed by the GenSec, the same signature the President has seen on a number of state papers. What happens then is the responsibility of the novelist who accepts my friend's opening gambit.

It is in any event a deeply interesting artistic/political idea, because it supposes a situation in which, by accident, the Presidium that elected the new Soviet leader made a most awful mistake, elevating someone who had deep and conclusive reservations about the entire Soviet idea. It is as if the college of cardinals had elected as Pope a man who had privately concluded that God did not exist and that therefore the entire Catholic establishment was an expensive, time-consuming opiate. The fictitious Soviet leader has asked for the clandestine help of the President of the United States. The fictitious Pope would have few alternatives but to pray to God. But what, exactly, could the President do?

Now suppose an impending and most awful disappointment. The "conservatives" in the Politburo (yes, under regnant terminology, Stalin was Russia's Burke/Adam Smith) meet one day in a corner of the Kremlin and resolve that enough is quite enough, that the historical mandate of the Soviet Union is being traduced by Mikhail Gorbachev. Already he has called home the troops from Afghanistan, he has been going around trumpeting *perestroika* and *glasnost*, the results of which have been an irruption of capitalist and iconoclastic thought and behavior. The East European states are in continuing turmoil. The new leader of Hungary calls for tenure for Party leaders. The time has come, they conclude, to act, as some of them and some of their predecessors acted against Khrushchev in 1964. They proceed to consummate their coup. The next day, Gorbachev dies an untimely death and is given a huge state funeral.

Then? The slow purges. It takes a while to throttle freedom down. It took Fidel Castro two years before he got around to socializing the kiosks. But the direction in which the new leadership moves is quite clear.



But the West is not moving pari passu with the reorientation of Soviet policy. Fresh commercial barriers against the export of U.S. technology are not raised when the Soviet Union abandons its tentative approach to the free market. The United Nations Commission on Human Rights never can summon a majority to condemn the sending of a growing stream of dissidents to Siberia. And the increase in SS-24s and -25s and in nuclear submarines doesn't lead to a compensating increase in defensive weapons by the new American President. And then the day comes when an SS-24, from just outside Berlin, symbolizes the thrust of the new Soviet message, sent to the capital cities of Europe: Disband NATO.

A nightmare, of course. But it woke me up, and should wake up Ronald Reagan. □

SO LONG, EVIL EMPIRE

NEW YORK, JUNE 1

At 27, he was an agricultural economist with Moscow's Institute of Economics and a university lecturer. But Stalin looked kindly on him during the Great Purge and, instead of shooting or exiling him, made him chief of the U.S. division of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. From there he went as counselor to the Soviet Embassy in Washington, becoming ambassador in 1943 as well as the USSR's representative to the UN Security Council, where he established the Soviet tradition of vetoing any moves designed to promote peace with freedom. In 1946 he became deputy foreign minister. And Stalin's approval of him made him a candidate for the Central Committee of the Communist Party. He became first deputy foreign minister in 1949 and foreign minister in 1957. He was directly involved in the diplomatic and military action against the students in Budapest, serving under Khrushchev. Under Brezhnev, he presided over the purge of the Prague Spring in Czechoslovakia in 1968. Andrei Andreyevich Gromyko is now the President of the Soviet Union, and the first person to greet President Ronald Reagan as he descended from Air Force One at Vnukovo Airport on Sunday.

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The itinerary of Mr. Reagan might have been conceived by the Brothers Grimm. No fairy tale could have made the trip more regally satisfying. The rich decor was courtesy of dead czars, the last one executed by someone in honor of whom a Russian city is named. The grand paintings and decorations were done by European and Russian masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The children were trained to sing American folk songs in English. And, beginning with Gorbachev himself, the Russian Court had learned to sing, if every now and then with a touch of diffidence, the praises of peace and coexistence. Ronald Reagan lectured to the intellectuals about an obscure episode in an obscure Russian novel and received a standing ovation. It was a dream, it was nirvana, it was—mind-blowing.

There was that one terribly sour note, sounded day after day. Every time Mr. Reagan looked especially pleased, especially satisfied, especially carried away by the *Gemütlichkeit* of it all, you would hear a voice. Not a Russian voice, but a good, twangy American voice, and always that voice would ask the same question:

"Is this what you called the evil empire, Mr. President?"

"What was that about the evil empire, Mr. President?"

"Tell us about the evil empire, Mr. President."

Finally, worn down by this hectoring over his melodramatic excess of years gone by, Mr. Reagan said: "I was talking about another empire."

We sinners believe, because we were taught to believe and do give internal assent to the mandate, that we must forgive, seventy times seven times. But Mr. Reagan is engaged now not in forgiveness, but in what Orwell called vaporization. Big Brother decides to change a historical or a present fact, and evidence inconvenient to the new thesis is simply made to—disappear.

Run the fingers lightly over the globe, pausing at outposts of the Soviet Empire. In Nicaragua, using Soviet arms, they are promoting war and aggression and drafting 17-year-olds while suffering a 60 per cent cut in their standard of living.

In Cuba, where people continue to die in the effort to flee from it, there is dire poverty and the most aggressive conventional armed force in the Western Hemisphere, paid for by the Soviet Union.

In Bulgaria, the dictator Zhivkov still reigns. Several years ago he sent a secret agent to inject poison into the veins of a Bulgarian refugee poet, as he was promenading over Waterloo Bridge in London.

In Poland, General Jaruzelski, proconsul for Gorbachev, hacks down those who fight for a free labor-union movement.

In Ethiopia, starvation is imminent for two million people at the hands of the dictator Mengistu, shored up by the Soviet Union.

In Southeast Asia, dire poverty and huge supplies of weapons keep the North Vietnamese in charge of the human misery brought on by Soviet-backed aggression.

Mr. Reagan does well to encourage changes in the Soviet system. Something wildly exciting is indeed going on in the Soviet Union. But to greet it as if it were no longer evil is on the order of changing our entire position toward Adolf Hitler on receiving the news that he has abolished one extermination camp. The Soviet Union has a very long way to go before it brings reasonable freedom to those who live under it. We sow only confusion when we retract the statement that it is evil to support the systematic suppression of human rights everywhere your empire reaches. Mikhail Gorbachev may be the spokesman for what is being attempted within the Soviet Union, but Andrei Gromyko continues as president of what continues to be an evil empire. □

CBS ON THE MONEY

NEW YORK, JUNE 3

THOSE (among them, this writer) who have made it a point to record the failings of CBS commentary should note the summation from Moscow on Wednesday night, June 2. It is a fine journalistic summary, saying everything about the Summit that needed immediately to be said.

[DAN] RATHER: . . . And to talk about the substance of the Summit, Barry Petersen, Bill Plante, and Wyatt Andrews. Barry—first, Gorbachev: an assessment of how it ended up for him.

PETERSEN: Gorbachev got exactly what he wanted—a Summit of style over substance—and he can [now] paint himself looking like the young aggressive winner. But I submit to you that paint is one layer deep. What he [Gorbachev] didn't get was any kind of a stop in the arms race, and without that he's got to keep spending the money on weapons and not spend the money to fulfill the promise of a better life in this country.

RATHER: Wyatt Andrews—what did we get and did not get in terms of arms agreements?

ANDREWS: Dan, in arms, from a professional arms-negotiator point of view, [the Russians] made some impressive strides in details on verifying mobile missiles, and details on verifying air-launched cruise missiles. The big gap is what it's always been, though: Star Wars. Any sort of compromise on whether Star Wars should be tested . . . It went nowhere. . . .

RATHER: Bill Plante—Does the President really believe, as he said, that it's the Soviet "bureaucracy" that keeps down people of Jewish heritage and other dissidents and refuseniks?

PLANTE: Dan, a lot of people were stunned when the President refused *three* times to blame Gorbachev *or* the Soviet system for not letting people out of here, and blamed the bureaucracy instead. The only possible explanations are that he didn't want to offend his host, or that the word "bureaucracy" triggers in him an automatic response that goes back twenty years. . . .

RATHER: Wyatt— . . . what was accomplished for human rights here?

ANDREWS: Well, Dan, the human-rights situation in the Soviet Union *is* improving, and it may be that President Reagan avoided slamming Gorbachev today on human rights because of what *is* going on. A few of the refuseniks on the list that President Reagan presented to Gorbachev are getting out. We know of acquaintances and friends who've gotten phone calls today saying, "Come by the visa office when the Summit's over and you'll have your ticket out." Others, though, did *not* get that phone call today. And it just doesn't seem to sink in on Gorbachev that this is the essential cruelty of it all. . . .

RATHER: I raise the question, what is the reality versus the perception of *glasnost*?

PETERSEN: The Summit is a terrific example of that [the problem of trying to decipher what actually is happening], and our being here is a great example of that. We've had incredible access to the Soviet Union. Policemen have stopped traffic *for* us to take pictures, instead of stopping us *from* taking pictures. And *glasnost* is still what it always was: It's not the Bill of Rights. It's not freedom of press or freedom of religion. *Glasnost* is the freedom to say what the Party says you're supposed to say; and it hasn't changed.

RATHER: Bill, what about this talk that Gorbachev in effect tried to roll President Reagan—tried to pick his pocket?

PLANTE: *Absolutely.* The White House people now think that Gorbachev tried to pull a fast one from Day One—gave the President a plain white piece of paper with some language on it that had words like "peaceful coexistence," and says, "How's it look?" And the President says, "Well, it looks pretty good!" But then they took it back, studied it, and they said, No. Today, the last day, [they] pressed [Reagan] again, said, "Why won't you sign this?" And they went at it—as it was described to me—just hammer and tongs for most of the session and the President finally said, "No, I'm sorry, we're not going to do it." And, as somebody put it to me, you just have to tell them "No" a dozen times.

Is there, really, any more to say? What do you say, Dan? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Did he have scarlet fever? (full name)
117 55 150 82 63 69 31 3 13 155 / 92

B. JFK airport, formerly
164 129 149 24 10 58 98 103

C. Quietest member of the congregation! (2 words)
119 106 111 50 132 93 57 2 160 25 / 166

D. Ahab's weapon
35 61 136 145 115 79 45

E. Commercial
36 60 134 56 154 138 127 19 144 68 / 90 6 110

F. "Moldy" town in southern France
108 133 88 167 70 73 9 49 29

G. Garage appurtenance
14 30 122 41 99 52 140 137

H. God
159 11 125 94 74 40 27

I. Source of OPEC's clout (2 words)
72 87 163 105 42 120 100 8

J. Latest, lately
64 147 114 124 15 81 32

K. Goddess of victory
59 130 165 146

L. Ollie supporter?
102 83 128 20 4 135 39 66

M. Fender-bender-mender tender
158 131 54 97 16 84 37 109

N. Anxious corset-wearer's condition
89 148 162 75 46 143 23

O. Knolls
152 77 12 43 161

P. Hothead's crime
121 21 168 51 85

Q. Steal the show
67 116 53 26 101 7 153

R. Liberal's true identity
95 141 156 78 5 62 38

S. An additional one
22 47 118 86 33 65 157

T. Pennine peak
123 48 96 142 28 71 139 17 112 1

U. Formerly, formerly
126 80 104 34

V. Ideas for sale?
113 107 151 44 91 18 76

1 T	2 C	3 A	4 L	5 R	6 E	7 Q		8 I	9 F		10 B	11 H	12 O	13 A		14 G	15 J	16 M	17 T	18 V
19 E	20 L	21 P	22 S	23 N	24 B	25 C		26 Q	27 H	28 T		29 F	30 G	31 A	32 J	33 S		34 U	35 D	36 E
37 M		38 R	39 L	40 H	41 G	42 I	43 O	44 V	45 D	46 N		47 S	48 T	49 F	50 C	51 P	52 G	53 Q		54 M
55 A	56 E		57 C	58 B	59 K	60 E		61 D	62 R		63 A	64 J	65 S		66 L	67 Q	68 E	69 A	70 F	71 T
	72 I	73 F		74 H	75 N	76 V	77 O	78 R	79 D	80 U	81 J		82 A	83 L		84 M	85 P	86 S	87 I	88 F
89 N	90 E		91 V	92 A		93 C	94 H	95 R	96 T	97 M	98 B	99 G		100I	101Q	102L	103B	104U		105I
106C	107V		108F	109M	110E	111C	112T	113V		114J	115D		116Q	117A	118S	119C	120I	121P	122G	123T
	124J	125H	126U	127E	128L		129B	130K	131M	132C	133F	134E	135L	136D	137G		138E	139T	140C	141R
	142T	143N	144E		145D	146K	147J	148N	149B	150A		151V	152O	153Q	154E	155A		156R	157S	158M
	159H	160C	161O	162N		163I	164B	165K	166G		167F	168P								

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 54 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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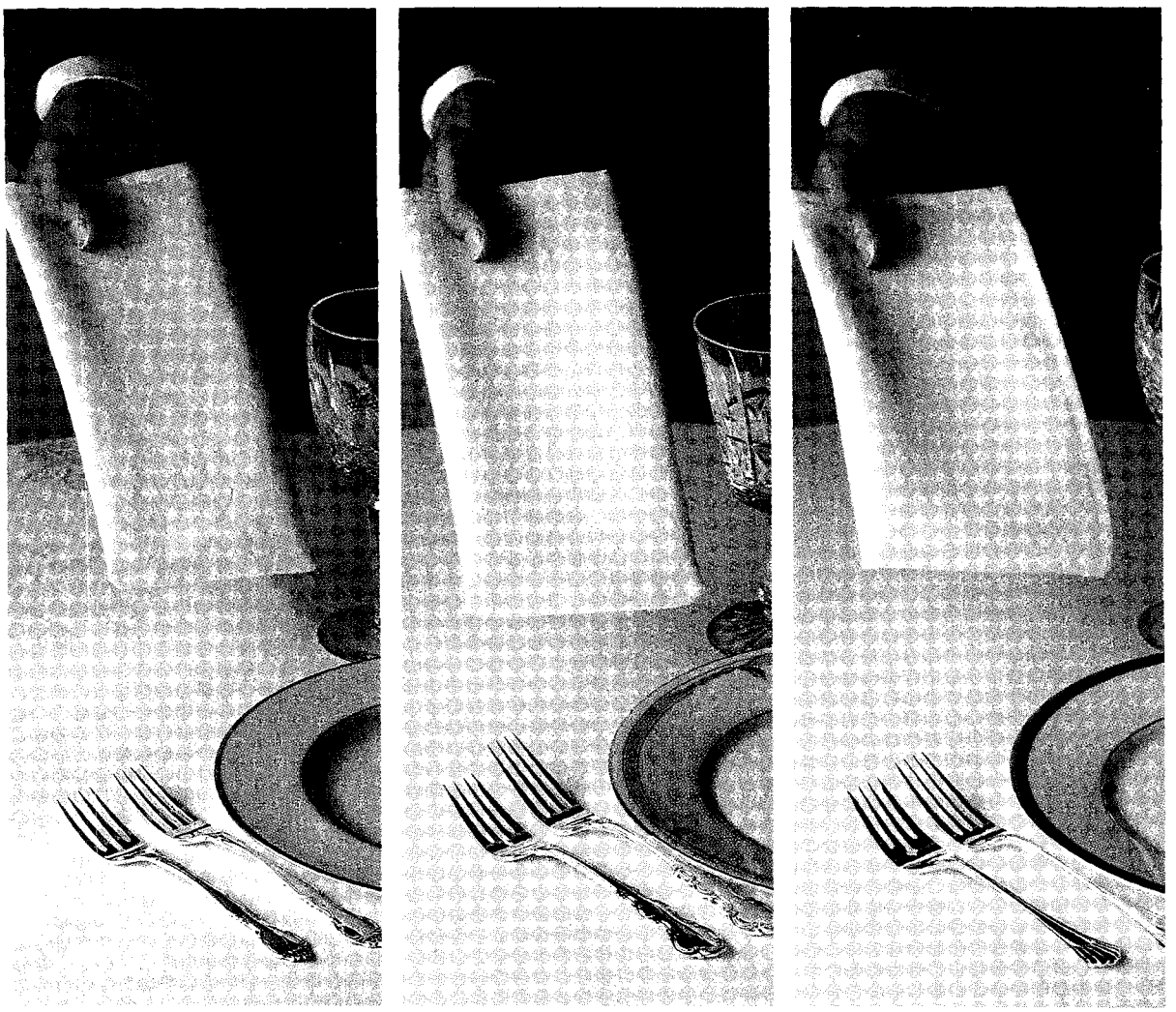

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